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General Editor: J. F. WHITE. Associate Editors: H. J. DAVIS, J. D. ROBINS, THOREAU MACDONALD
FRED JACOB, N. A. MacKENZIE, G. H. DUFF.

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VOL. VIII.

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THE AFTERMATH OF THE HAVANA CONFERENCE

THE United States of America has about as much claim to the continued recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as the British have to continue to 'rule the waves'. Both were the outcome of very specific situations and both have caused irritation to the pride of other nations. One of the results of the Pan American Conference at Havana has been a new attack on the Monroe Doctrine. The delegates of the United States at the Peace Conference in 1919, acting on the assumption that their country would be a member of the League of Nations, had embodied in the Covenant (article 21) the statement that, 'Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understanding like the *Monroe Doctrine* for securing the maintenance of peace'. And now the delegate from the Argentine on the League Security Committee suggests that the Monroe Doctrine is not a regional understanding. That it had its value he does not question, but he does insist that it is a statement of U.S.A. Policy, and as such is one in which his country can no longer concur, (particularly as the Republican Tariff is not in the best interests of Argentinean trade). There is a good deal to be said for the contention of the Argentine, and yet article 21 has already proved its worth in enabling other regional European understandings to come into being and develop within the League. And in the event of that boggy, which sometimes frightens good imperialists, namely, that the legal obligations of the covenant might one day call upon one part of the British Commonwealth to take action against another, we might find legal refuge in the shelter built by Americans for the

Monroe Doctrine, and maintain that our Commonwealth, if not a 'domestic matter', was at least a regional understanding.

DOMINION NEUTRALITY

SOME time ago Dr. Malan, Minister of the Interior in South Africa, stated, 'Such a thing as the Empire does not exist. We are absolutely free, so free that if England today were in a state of war it would not even be necessary for us to declare our neutrality.' Certainly an interesting statement if it correctly sums up the situation. The fact of the matter is, however, that for the time being, at least, when Great Britain is at war, the Dominions and the other parts of the Empire are *legally* at war, and if an enemy state chooses to attack them it can do so 'legally'. But legality is a mere straw in time of war and there is more truth in Dr. Malan's statement than meets the legal eye. If Great Britain is involved in war there is no obligation on the part of South Africa to take any active part in it, and if the enemy decided that it would be detrimental to their cause to attack South Africa, they would leave her in perfect tranquility. On the other hand, if they felt they had something to gain from attacking her—well, Belgium's guarantee of neutrality didn't protect her even a day in August, 1914. And while one is discussing realities, rather than legalities, there may be more occasion for South Africa to desire the assistance of the rest of the Empire than the Empire hers, particularly if Germany or Italy ever manage to find the world in a situation in which it is too preoccupied to notice or care about what happens to South West Africa and the rest of the African Continent.

STOCK EXCHANGE REGULATION

THE new Ontario Blue Sky Law is understood to have been framed with the co-operation of Canadian stock exchange officials and financial men and for that reason is assured of hearty support. The law is well drawn, and the best element on the financial street is urging that it be rigidly enforced. The main motive of the Attorney-General was to control fly-by-night brokers of questionable character who capitalize the cupidity of the public and employ high-pressure methods of selling worthless or semi-worthless securities. Such a law is timely, in view of the immense activity in mining which is inevitable in the next few years. The registration of security vendors and the compulsory deposit of a bond of \$500 or more by such vendors is looked upon as the crux of the act. In the past, offenders who have been thrown into liquidation have been able to settle their claims and thereby forestall investigation by the law. Under the new law, settlement can be delayed pending full investigation and, if necessary, prosecution by the Attorney-General. The bond of \$500 is merely a nominal sum. The amount can be increased at the discretion of the Attorney-General whenever occasion calls for it. All brokers and other vendors of securities are liable to an audit by the Attorney-General's officers without notice, thus enabling the detection of bucketing before the offender has a chance to make good his transactions.

Since the new act was brought before the House the directors of the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange, under the very efficient presidency of Mr. N. C. Urquhart, have taken further steps to control non-member stock brokers. An exchange by-law has been passed, making it impossible for non-members to have tickers in their offices without the consenting vote of the Exchange. The administration of the Exchange is now such that the public can count on careful investigation being made before any vendor of securities is permitted to use the Exchange for disposing of stock. Altogether, a general house-cleaning has been going on which has already placed Canadian mining finance on a higher plane than before. The new Blue-Sky Law is only one phase of the movement.

AN INTERESTING ART EXPERIMENT

WE have received from a correspondent in Montreal a communication with the above title. It is too lengthy for our space but its substance is worthy of attention. It appears that a number of well-known Montreal artists have joined together and reserved a special show room in the galleries of a dealer, where they intend to keep an exhibition of contemporary Canadian art on view, changing it every month or so. Artists from other places are to be invited to contribute, and it is hoped that a very

desirable improvement in the sale of pictures will result. Any blessing THE CANADIAN FORUM can bestow on such a purpose is gladly directed towards Montreal, but what a comment it is on the ways of our art dealers that a simple attempt to sell Canadian art should be noticeable! It would seem that Canadian art dealers deal in anything but Canadian art. They have their human troubles of course. Canadian art is still pioneering among us and a faith in it may easily call for fasting and prayer. That a dealer, whatever his terms, should allow a show-room to be reserved for Canadian art is indeed an interesting experiment. We hope to see him enlarging his premises.

THE O.E.D.

THE announced completion of the Oxford English Dictionary marks the end of an arduous task, and a monumental achievement. As these things go, the great dictionary has been made in the remarkably short time of two generations. Projected in 1857, begun in the sixties, its first volume was issued to its subscribers in the late eighties. This rapidity of completion, as compared with the time taken already in other similar unfinished works, is all the more striking when the small number of chief editors is taken into account. It is a fine tribute to the broad scholarship and vision of the projectors and first editors that the plan laid down for the first fascicles has been in the main followed in the last. It is doubtful if a desire for unity would have hindered important changes, had such been felt necessary. Probably the long connection of Sir James Murray with the Dictionary contributed materially to this unity. The mass of information packed about a word in the Oxford English Dictionary can be appreciated fully only by those who have been compelled to supplement from other dictionaries, its hitherto missing parts, in systematic research. If the casual user of the Dictionary wishes to obtain easily some idea of the wealth of imagination which can be utilized even by the most careful, erudite, and scientific of lexicographers, let him look up such a group of words as *Bleak, Blake, Black*, or a word like *Crimson*. Although the editors have not regarded etymology as a primary function of the Dictionary, their etymologies are, as yet, the most reliable and valuable in English, which lacks a fully satisfactory Etymological Dictionary, especially of the native words. The Canadian will find that some words, quite familiar to him, have fallen between the two stools of the Oxford English Dictionary and Wright's Dialect Dictionary, and are found in neither one. In this connection, it is of interest to note that the New American Dictionary is under the general editorship of Professor Craigie, editor of the Oxford English Dictionary. This probably assures a continuity of the same plan in the American Diction-

ary, which will thus be in some sense a supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary. In it we shall probably find our own few missing words of good repute.

GLOZEL

THE significance of Glozel is no longer a question of right or wrong; it has become a battle-cry. It was in March, 1924, that the first inscribed brick turned up on the site; in the spring of 1925 that local enthusiast, Dr. Morley of Vichy, began to dig, since when the fame of the spot has spread, in ever-widening circles, as the stream of finds has continued, until now there is scarcely a newspaper or magazine reader to whom the name of Glozel is not, more or less, familiar. The affair, certainly, reflects little credit on the learned world; it reveals a credulity on the one hand, and on the other a stubborn adherence to a *parti pris* which are the reverse of what we look for in those who have enjoyed the privileges of historical study. Where is that unbiassed passion for the truth to which we are constantly paying such lip-service, when one of the doyens of the archaeological world pettishly stakes his reputation on the genuineness of the finds of Glozel? Were it the reputation of Athena herself which was at stake, it could not affect the question in the slightest, and (we say it with no disrespect) not even the brilliant career of M. Salomon Reinach can avail to support a thesis demonstrably false. Glozel and its 'antiquities' are now discredited—not merely by the *a priori* difficulties they raise in destroying the whole fabric of prehistoric archaeology, but by a critical study of the objects themselves and the conditions of their finding. The borings and engravings on the stone and bone implements have been produced by steel tools, whilst a most thorough examination of the 'site' proves that it was 'salted'. We can accept with confidence the verdict of the Commission of Archaeologists, that 'the objects were buried from above at a date that was not ancient', and await with interest the detection of the ingenious author of the hoax—the most considerable that has yet been played upon the archaeological world. It will have done good if it calls attention to the fact that the archaeologist is not God uttering self-evident, immutable truths, but an explorer adventuring into the darkness, and constantly building up suggestions and inferences, which may need to be pulled down, added to, or reconstructed in the light of subsequent knowledge.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE SCANDAL

SCANDALS in official circles are always unfortunate, and when they occur in such highly respected places as the British Foreign Office and the Navy, one feels as if the foundations are rocking. The dis-

missal of Mr. Gregory and the penalties imposed on two of his colleagues for gambling in foreign exchange would not have aroused the interest that they have if Gregory's name had not already been connected with the famous Zinoviev letter, which was responsible for the defeat of the MacDonald Government and the return of the Conservatives. The Investigating Committee has exonerated Mr. Gregory from blame in the matter of the 'red letter', but a large body of the Labour Party are dissatisfied with their statement and they demanded a fuller investigation and a period for debate in the house.

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THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP

By JOHN S. EWART

IT is very remarkable that the Report as to inter-imperial relations, adopted by the Imperial Conference of 1926—the most momentous deliverance (not excepting the Durham Report) in the history of that world-important subject—should have been so little studied, so little understood, indeed, so little read. Sir John Marriott, the very able historian, alone (as far as I have noticed) of all the writers on the subject, appears to have grasped its significance. As a somewhat rigid imperialist, he deplores its pronouncements and tendencies. But he can arouse no interest in it. 'And the odd thing,' he says, 'is that nobody seems to care' (a).

One reason for all this is that the members of the Conference either do not themselves understand the full importance of what they did, or, being afraid to acknowledge it, boldly declare that they did nothing. Mr. Bruce, for example, said:—

There is nothing really new in the status or relations of the British Dominions as a result of the recent Conference. The rights now enjoyed have existed ever since the termination of the war (b).

Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for the Dominions, speaking in the Commons on 2 June, 1927, said (as summarized in the *Journal of the Parliament of the Empire*):—

The Imperial Conference had embodied the new position, which was recognised internationally as well as inter-imperially, at the Peace Conference and in the League of Nations since then. In respect to that great change, the last Conference had not introduced any substantial new departure. What it had done was to clarify and make visible what was inherent and there already, what to some of them had seemed obvious many years before and what to others, looking at the question from some different angle, perhaps, and not realising nearly so well the process that was going on, might have seemed a greater transformation than it actually was.

Mr. Mackenzie King took somewhat the same view as Mr. Amery, speaking of the Conference taking:—

its place in history by the side of those great charters which have stood in one form or another for a larger freedom (c).

But Mr. King said that great charters were declaratory of existing, rather than creations of new, conditions. Even General Hertzog referred to the proceedings of the Conference as an 'acknowledgment by Great Britain of their sovereign national freedom', rather than as a grant of it.

All this would be intelligible and true if there were nothing in the Proceedings of the Conference except the declaration as to Dominion political status. In that respect there is nothing previously unknown, although

nevertheless the declaration is of undoubted value as reducing to definition, in a somewhat authoritative manner, that which previously had to be supported by argument. There are, however, two sets of clauses in the Proceedings as to which it would be quite erroneous to say that they make no change in Dominion political status. These are the clauses relating (1) to the Governor-Generalship and (2) to treaties.

Previous to the Conference, the Governor-General, while acting in the name of the King, was in reality the representative of the British government. He was appointed by that government. He was instructed by it. He reported to it. And his duty was to supervise Canadian affairs so far as they had an imperial aspect. The Conference reversed all that. It declared:—

that the Governor-General of a Dominion is the representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty the King in Great Britain, and that he is not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any Department of that Government. It seemed to us to follow that the practice whereby the Governor-General of a Dominion is the formal official channel of communication between His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and His Governments in the Dominions might be regarded as no longer wholly in accordance with the constitutional position of the Governor-General. It was thought that the recognised official channel of communication should be, in future, between Government and Government direct.

Prior to the Conference, the Governor-General discharged, in reality, two sets of duties: He was, to some extent, what his name implies—a Governor-General; but he also acted as a diplomatic representative of the British government. The effect of the declaration of the Conference is that he has ceased to be a British and has become a Canadian official. He no longer acts under the instructions of the British government. He no longer sends reports to the Secretary of State for the Dominions. With that Department of the British government, or with the British government itself, he has no connection.

And inasmuch as he has dropped his association with the British government—has ceased to be an official of that government—it follows that, for the future, he will not be appointed by that government. He will be appointed by the government with which he is to be associated. That this is a necessary corollary of the declaration of the Conference has already been recognized in two of the Dominions. Mr. James McNeill's appointment to the office of Governor-General of the Irish Free State was made on the advice of the Irish Free State, and not in any way on the advice of the British government. So, also, when the term of office of the Earl of Athlone as Governor-General in South Africa was expiring, it was extended by the King, 'on the advice of His Majesty's Government of

(a) *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1927, p. 314. See also his speech in the Commons, 2 June, 1927.

(b) *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1927, p. 305.

(c) *Can. Commons*, 13 Dec. 1926.

the Union of South Africa,' and not in any way on the advice of the British government. When, therefore, Lord Willingdon's term of office expires, his successor will be appointed by the King 'on the advice of' the Canadian government, and in the making of the appointment the British government will take no part. If they should attempt to interfere, their action would properly be resented by the Canadian government.

These considerations raise the question as to the selection of a successor to Lord Willingdon. As long as our Governor was a British official, it was fitting that the appointee should be a resident of the British Isles—the locality from which his appointment and his instructions emanated. But when all associations between the British government and the Governor have ceased, there can be no reason why the appointee should come to us from overseas. In earlier days, the British government sent us most of our officials, and it would only be in accordance with historic development—with the appointment by ourselves of those who are to serve us—that our Governor, being our official, should be appointed from among our own citizens. We can appoint whom we please. By that I mean that the appointment rests with the King, but that he, without hesitation, will act upon our advice.

The change thus effected by the Imperial Conference has removed an anomalous difficulty with which we have had to deal, namely, that although we are in some respects (for instance, with reference to treaties) something of a sovereign state, we have not been afforded direct intercourse with the King. We communicated with him through the Governor-General and the Secretary of State for the Dominions. Now, however, the Governor-General does not communicate with the Secretary. He is no longer an official of the British government. He is the representative of the King only, and our communications are with the King's representative who resides at Ottawa. Were the King here, we should communicate with him direct. Being three thousand miles away, he has appointed a gentleman who ought now to be known not as a Governor but as a Viceroy—as a person acting, in the King's absence, as the King himself would act. With that gentleman alone we hold communication. Whenever the Viceroy deems it necessary to obtain further instructions from the King, he will, in future, write direct to his Majesty and not, under any circumstances, to any member of the British government.

Finally, the change effected by the Imperial Conference renders necessary very substantial alterations of two of the documents under which our Governors-General have heretofore acted. One of these (5 October, 1878) is entitled 'Letters Patent constituting the Office of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, 1878.' This document, as its title indicates, constitutes the office of Governor-General and proceeds to authorize the Governor, for the time being, to dis-

charge certain duties. The second of the documents (of the same date) is entitled 'Instructions to the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, 1878.' The Imperial Conference has rendered these two documents anachronistic. They do not fit into the new system. The duties of a Governor as indicated by them are not now duties, which, under the new *régime*, he discharges. New documents must be prepared and issued by the King. One of them will create the office of Viceroy in the Dominion of Canada, and will contain authority for the incumbent of the office, for the time being, to exercise all powers belonging to the King in respect of the Dominion of Canada. There will be no necessity for a second document similar to that heretofore in use. There will be, of course, a document appointing someone to the office of Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada.

As above stated, the Governor-General, while acting under the instructions of the British government acted in a dual capacity. One of his capacities was that of Governor, and the other that of a diplomatic representative. Now, both his relations with the British government have ceased to exist. The Governor becomes a Viceroy in communication with the King, and it would be incompatible with that office that he should be a diplomatic representative of the British government. It is, therefore, contemplated that some person should be appointed by that government as its diplomatic representative in Canada. What his official title is to be, has not yet been disclosed. But his functions will be similar to those which he would exercise were he accredited to a completely foreign government. Mr. Larkin, our representative in London, has in effect acted as our diplomatic representative there. It has been suggested that that fact should be indicated in the change of, or the addition to, his present title of High Commissioner. Whether that take place or not, diplomatic relations between the British and Canadian governments are now to be placed upon the footing usual between the governments of independent states.

The foregoing considerations make very clear that the Imperial Conference effected one most radical and fundamental change in the relationship between the British and Canadian governments. In another respect—namely, with reference to treaties—it also effected a remarkable change. Treatment of that subject will be undertaken in a separate article.

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WANTED—CANADIAN CRITICISM

By A. J. M. SMITH

ONE looks in vain through canadian books and journals for that critical enquiry into first principles which directs a new literature as tradition guides an old one. Hasty adulation mingles with unintelligent condemnation to make our book reviewing an amusing art: but of criticism as it might be useful there is nothing. That this should be so at a time when we are becoming increasingly 'Canada-conscious' may seem strange, but the strangeness disappears when we examine the nature of the consciousness in question. This, judging from its most characteristic forms of expression, is a mixture of blind optimism and materialistic patriotism, a kind of my-mother-drunk-or-sober complex that operates most efficiently in the world of affairs and finds its ideal action summarised in the slogan 'Buy Made in Canada Goods.' There is, perhaps, something to be said for this state of mind if cultivated within certain very definite limits, if it be regarded solely as a business proposition and with due regard for economic laws; but when duty and morality are brought in and the above mercantile maxim is held to apply to things of the mind and spirit: that is an altogether different matter.

The confusion is one between commerce and art, an error which a society such as ours has some difficulty in escaping. A small population engaged in subduing its environment and in exploiting the resources of a large new country may very easily develop an exaggerated opinion of the value of material things, and has some quite understandable doubts as to the necessity of artists. Indeed, most of our people are so actively engaged in tilling the soil or scrambling to the top of the tree in the industrial and commercial world that they have neither the time nor the inclination for reading poetry on the back porch—unless it be inspiration stuff or He-man canadiana. The result is good for business, but bad for poetry, and if you happen to think that poetry is the more important, you are tempted to ask what is to be done about it.

To the serious canadian writer this is a vital question, for to him the confusion between commerce and art presents itself in the light of a temptation to effect a compromise. If he chooses to work out his own salvation along lines which cannot be in keeping with the prevailing spirit of pep and optimism he finds himself without an audience, or at least without an audience that will support him. The one canadian magazine, it must be noted, for which such an artist would care to write is at present unable to pay contributors, while poor imitations of the *Saturday Evening Post* are ready to pay him handsomely if he will cease to be an artist and become a merchant. This is the temptation with which the devil has assailed the Canadian Auth-

ors' Association, and the whole communion has succumbed in a body. There would be little harm in this if everyone knew the nature of the compromise that has been made, if, for instance, the Canadian Authors had the honesty to change the name of their society to the Journalists' Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and to quit kidding the public every Christmas that it (the public) has a moral obligation to buy poor canadian, rather than good foreign books.

So far, it is true, literature as an art has fought a losing battle with commerce, but the campaign as a whole has barely begun. Reinforcements are on the way. Young writers like Morley Callaghan and Raymond Knister have contributed realistic stories of canadian life to foreign radical journals. Mazo de la Roche, having won an important literary prize in the United States, has a firmly established reputation in her native land. E. J. Pratt and Edward Sapir are demonstrating that canadian themes are improved by modern treatment. All these examples are definite, if modest, successes, but reverses are encountered too. A good poet such as Wilson Macdonald is praised for the wrong things, and seems likely to succumb to the blandishments of an unfortunate popularity, the sort of popularity that appears to be at the command of any poet who hammers a vigorous rhythm out of an abundant assortment of french and indian place-names. If you write, apparently, of the far north and the wild west and the picturesque east, seasoning well with allusions to the canada goose, fir trees, maple leaves, snowshoes, northern lights, etc., the public grasp the fact that you are a canadian poet, whose works are to be bought from the same patriotic motive that prompts the purchaser of Eddy's matches or a Massey-Harris farm implement, and read along with Ralph Connor and Eaton's catalogue.

The picture, on the whole, is one of extreme confusion. There are little skirmishes, heroic single stands: but no concerted action. Without a body of critical opinion to hearten and direct them canadian writers are like a leaderless army. They find themselves in an atmosphere of materialism that is only too ready to seduce them from their allegiance to art, and with an audience that only wishes to be flattered. It looks as though they will have to give up the attempt to create until they have formulated a critical system and secured its universal acceptance.

What are the tasks that await such a criticism?

First and foremost, as a sort of preliminary spadework, the canadian writer must put up a fight for freedom in the choice and treatment of his subject. Nowhere is puritanism more disastrously prohibitive than among us, and it seems, indeed, that desperate methods

and dangerous remedies must be resorted to, that our condition will not improve until we have been thoroughly shocked by the appearance in our midst of a work of art that is at once successful and obscene. Of realism we are afraid—apparently because there is an impression that it wishes to discredit the picture of our great Dominion as a country where all the women are chaste and the men too pure to touch them if they weren't. Irony is not understood. Cynicism is felt to be disrespectful, unmanly. The idea that any subject whatever is susceptible of artistic treatment, and that praise or blame is to be conferred after a consideration, not of its moral, but of its aesthetic harmony is a proposition that will take years to knock into the heads of our people. But the work must be done. The critic-militant is required for this, not a very engaging fellow, perhaps, but a hard worker, a crusader, and useful withal.

It is the critic contemplative, however, the philosophical critic, who will have the really interesting work. It will be the object of such an enquirer to examine the fundamental position of the artist in a new community. He will have to answer questions that in older countries have obvious answers, or do not arise. He will follow the lead of french and english critics in

seeking to define the relation of criticism and poetry to the psychological and mathematical sciences, and will be expected to have something of value to say as to the influence upon the canadian writer of his position in space and time. That this influence, which might even become mutual, be positive and definite seems desirable and obvious: that it should not be self-conscious seems to me desirable; but not to many people obvious. Canadian poetry, to take a typical example, is altogether too self-conscious of its environment, of its position in space, and scarcely conscious at all of its position in time. This is an evident defect, but it has been the occasion of almost no critical comment. Yet to be aware of our temporal setting as well as of our environment, and in no obvious and shallow way, is the nearest we can come to being traditional. To be unconscious or overconscious—that is to be merely conventional, and it is in one of these two ways that our literature to-day fails as an adequate and artistic expression of our national life. The heart is willing, but the head is weak. Modernity and tradition alike demand that the contemporary artist who survives adolescence shall be an intellectual. Sensibility is no longer enough, intelligence is also required. Even in Canada.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

By EDNA KENT HARRISON

IF only she wouldn't be so enthusiastic! She is old; still she marches to a party with banners flying as she did when I first knew her, twenty years ago. If it was to a football match it would be different, but she isn't keen on games any more. I took her to see Lenglen play an indoor exhibition game in the Arena. She went to sleep. Her excuse was, the seats were 'too hard' and she was 'too far from the green carpet.'

When I asked her if I should wear my morning coat to the supper party to-night, she answered, 'Do, it looks so nice.' She only said that because she knew I wanted to wear it; she doesn't really care what I wear or what any one else wears either. Now I like clothes, admire well dressed women—men, too. A good house—decent car—service, that's all people of our age should ask of life, but she chases around searching for 'personalities'; expects me to be charming to a lot of freaks!

There must be something wrong with women whose interest is centred in people's faces, and in hearing what they say. One afternoon she talked to a returned soldier who had lost an arm in the War. I pitied the poor chap; she felt he had gained more than he had lost, said his eyes were open, that he 'accepted life without bitterness,' and that he was even 'on the contemplative side.' What in hell was she talking about?

As if any mental attitude could compensate a man for having his body maimed!

Just because biography is the fad, I had to listen for two ghastly hours to husbands and wives dissecting characters, and arguing whether Ludwig's anecdotes were legendary or not. As if it mattered! It is like being out of doors in a heavy downpour of rain without an umbrella, electricity in the air too. How I hate parties! I suppose I should take part in the conversation. I sometimes try—they won't listen to me—interrupt before I finish my sentences.

The supper part was very nice. I was seated next to the prettiest woman in the room. We carried on an animated dialogue all through the meal, about Golf and Tennis, Badminton and Bridge. We had just come to our children when time was up. If only I had married just such a woman, she would not look at me with indignant, protesting eyes because I prefer to slumber through life.

On the way home she said, 'Isn't it splendid, Harriet has such a perfect house and is so happy? That beautiful china and silver are not wedding presents at all; Jim has bought everything in the last four years. Isn't it wonderful?'

I answered, 'You don't say so? Marvellous!' Why then should she have snapped my head off with, 'Why

do you always say, "You don't say so!" Of course I say so.'

I told her I thought she had wanted me to be surprised.

She laughed. We are polite to each other. We went into the house laughing.

I went directly to the den; recovered my pipe and

the Saturday Evening Post, and settled for an hour's enjoyment before turning in.

I can hear her in her room laughing now. What in heaven's name has she got to laugh about? She must have enjoyed the party. I think I hate her. She's bright enough, but so silly. Perhaps I love her—I don't know.

THE THREE TAPS

By S. H. HOOKE

IN view of the extremely unsettled state of the Church of England 'as by law established', and the possibility that disestablishment accompanied by disendowment may throw a number of divines and theologians into the ranks of the unemployed, it is interesting to observe that some of them who are wise in their generation are preparing for a winter of discontent. Accustomed as they are, not alone to public speaking, but to a sleuth-like pursuit of mysterious clues, and to a patient unravelling of baffling problems, it is a sign of adaptability to their environment that they have invaded the honourable and lucrative guild of mystery-mongers. Several divines and theologians of note have recently produced mystery and detective stories of no small merit. To a mind accustomed to unravel the mystery of the hypostatic union, or to resolve the antimony of invincible ignorance and irresistible grace, the next move of a murderer or even the devious winding of the heathen Chinese are but a pleasant diversion.

One of the most brilliant of the younger English divines has recently brought out in close succession a mystery story entitled *The Three Taps* and a book which is also a mystery, at least to me, entitled *The Belief of Catholics*. The latter is one of a series of three, a trinity, or if a less mysterious term be preferred, a trilogy of 'personal statements of religious belief made with absolute candour by twentieth-century men and women'. So runs the foreword of that enterprising firm Ernest Benn, Ltd., the publishers of the series.*

Now Father Knox's story *The Three Taps* is not concerned with fate knocking at the door, but with the untimely and mysterious demise of a millionaire through the mismanagement of three ordinary and unromantic gas-taps, nevertheless those who are wont to anticipate the solution of an Edgar Wallace or an Austin Freeman mystery will have no difficulty in seeing the connection between *The Three Taps*, shamelessly borrowed from Father Knox as the title of this

article, and the trilogy of books with which it proposes to deal.

I am not, unfortunately, a millionaire, but having turned on the three taps of these frank statements and exposed myself to their effects, I shall go on to perform an autopsy on the remains, leaving it to the expert in mystery stories to decide whether the verdict should be suicide during temporary insanity, or murder by some person or persons unknown, or merely an uninteresting death by misadventure. The books are described as being by twentieth-century men and women. A slightly more accurate description would be that they are written by one man, Julian Huxley of biological fame; one woman, Miss Maude Royden, of City Temple fame; and one Roman Catholic priest, who is strictly speaking neuter, Father Ronald Knox, who, like good wine, needs no bush.

A further slight correction would be that although all three of the eminent authors may possess twentieth-century bodies, yet only one of them is inhabited by a twentieth-century mind. This is not to say that a twentieth-century mind is necessarily superior to any other vintage, but that as a matter of fact Father Knox's mind is of the best medieval vintage, a tap, shall we say, yielding a Chartreuse or a Benedictine, while Miss Royden's, much as it would like to be twentieth-century, is plainly Victorian, a tap with a free flow of a mid-Victorian anodyne for infants, such as Mother Seigel's Soothing Syrup.

I may say that I turned on the taps in the order indicated in the directions, beginning with Miss Royden's *I Believe in God*, going on to Father Knox's *The Belief of Catholics*, and concluding with Julian Huxley's *Religion Without Revelation*.

In her preface Miss Royden says, 'I fancy that there are millions of people like me'. Anyone who knows her could well wish that it were true, for then the world would be a better place. Unfortunately there is only one of her. But her attitude, the attitude of 'a soul naturally Anglican' is probably very widely shared, and possesses both the virtues and defects of the Anglican view-point. The great boast of Anglican theology and practice, in its main stream, is that it has always sought to hold the *via media*. To compromise in mat-

*WHAT I BELIEVE—THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS, by Father Ronald Knox (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 254; \$2.25).

WHAT I BELIEVE—I BELIEVE IN GOD, by A. Maude Royden (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 293; \$2.25).

WHAT I BELIEVE—RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION, by Julian Huxley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 439; \$2.50).



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES—IV.

HON. P. C. LARKIN

High Commissioner for Canada in London.

By JACK McLAREN

ters of practice, in order to suit as many minds as possible, to carry on a continual readjustment and reinterpretation of credal phrases in order to bring them into some kind of connection with modern knowledge, like Orpheus ever casting a longing glance behind only to clasp a dead Eurydice, such has been the Anglican way.

Throughout her book Miss Royden attempts to follow the *via media*, to embroider the old text 'God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world'. The contemplation of the universe brings from her the ecstatic cry that it must have been made by a lover. She does not believe in the Virgin Birth but persists in speaking of the mother of Jesus as our Lady. To the historical critics her treatment of the historical Jesus will seem lacking in historical sense. To the Catholic theologian her treatment of the Christ of the Church's worship will seem thoroughly heretical. It is difficult to believe that this book represents the real Maude Royden, for she is both able and honest in no ordinary degree. While that which issues from this tap may be soothing and comforting, it is nevertheless a benumbing draught, lulling to a painless but fatal sleep.

Very different is our second tap. Father Knox has far too logical a mind to remain content with the Anglican muddle. He sees 'Ridley's candle guttering in the socket'. The spell that mastered Newman's keen intellect with its strange limitations, the spell of *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, has bound him too. From Rome's calm secular eminence he smiles tolerantly at the dusty perspiring Protestant theologians. Apparently for the rest of us 'Invincible ignorance' is our only hope of salvation. I must confess to have been often impressed by the brisk and business-like way in which the daily routine of divine service is carried out in continental Roman Catholic churches. As Father Knox remarks, it suggests a certain assurance of being, as Hardy would say, 'hand-in-glove with the Almighty'. But there is a bitter truth in Father Knox's little jest about 'the first lie'. It is the first lie that is the insurmountable difficulty. In one of the many witty passages in his book, Father Knox, speaking of those who would be Catholics if they could, says—'If only they could be trepanned into the Church, if only they could be shanghaied on board the Ark of Peter, the passage would quite possibly (they feel) be a pleasant one'. Elsewhere he likens the enquirer, as he brings his own reason to bear on the problems involved, to a man wading into shallow water, but when he gets out of his depth he is then advised to swim, upborne by the waters of the Church's authority. Of course Father Knox is not the kind of man to mix his metaphors, but here the pleasant picture is suggested of a swimming tank in the Ark of Peter which has clearly developed into a noble trans-oceanic liner equipped with everything needful for the health and comfort of the passengers. But, jesting apart, I can-

not help thinking that Father Knox does scant justice to many of his struggling, groping fellow mortals if he thinks that they need a surgical operation to bring about their recognition of truth which seems so plain to him. He is very anxious to stress the point that his Church does not demand a blind acquiescence to authority. He lays down six propositions to which, he says, the Church seeks, not submission on authority, but free intellectual assent. These propositions are:—

1. The existence of God.
2. The fact that he has made a revelation to the world in Jesus Christ.
3. The Life (in its broad outlines), the Death, and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.
4. The fact that our Lord founded a Church.
5. The fact that he bequeathed to that Church his own teaching office, with the guarantee (naturally) that it should not err in teaching.
6. The consequent intellectual duty of believing what the Church believes.

Now it is clear that the inquirer whose intellectual assent is sought is committed, for four of these propositions, to the evidence of history, demanding all the resources of historical criticism. But the judgment of the Roman Church on historical criticism as applied to the records of the 'facts' is only too well-known, witness her treatment of Tyrrell, Loisy, and Duchesne. The first and vital proposition, where a surgical operation would most seem to be indicated, demands a questioning of the universe in the light of modern scientific advance. Again the attitude of the Roman Church towards the findings of science is laid down in more than one infallible encyclical. But of these things, the very crux of the whole position, Father Knox says nothing. Speaking of the whole race of social reformers, *et hoc genus omne*, he says, 'our work is to colonize heaven, theirs to breed for Utopia'. Upon this note, touched with arrogant humility so characteristic of his Church, he closes.

There is, of course, no accounting for tastes, and where others may find life and comfort from either of the first two taps, I find death. In the same way where others may find a poisonous draught in Professor Julian Huxley's book I find the only hope, not of colonizing heaven, where no doubt birth control is unnecessary, but of a sane and fearless attitude towards the facts of life and of a reasonable religion based on a true humility in the face of those bewildering facts. The title of the book *Religion Without Revelation*, will no doubt seem to many a contradiction in terms. But this only brings out the vital point at issue, the conception of Deity. Anyone who has read Professor Whitehead's book *Science and the Modern World*, will have realized how far-reaching is the change in the idea of God involved in the application of the conceptions of modern physics to the problem of God and man. There is, of course, a cheap

and threadbare objection that an idea of God based on the conclusions of science will be unintelligible to that convenient figment the man in the street. Now, while it may be true that the barbers of Constantinople discussed the homoousion with their customers, yet, I think, it is safe to say that the hypostatic union is in no whit more intelligible to the lay mind than the quantum theory. Time may show it to be possible to base a conception of God upon the quantum theory as satisfying to the demands of an enlightened religious consciousness, as the conception of Deity based on the metaphysical speculation of the fourth and fifth centuries of this era.

The real point at issue is rather between the Catholic *non possumus* and the *fiat lux* of science. Doubtless Father Knox would agree with the Fundamentalists in calling that torch patiently handed on, let us say from Huxley to Huxley, a devil's lantern, luring

men to damnation. But this candle is not guttering in its socket, and Professor Huxley's profoundly interesting chapter 'Personalism' is a document of human experience proving clearly that a deep and real religious experience may rest upon the new foundations. His concluding words will serve both to sum up the position of his book and to close this article:—

If we would understand and control nature we must first accept and obey her. If we would control her worthily we must have a true scale of values by which to measure. Hard fact and transforming value together build future reality. I believe that the whole duty of man can be summed up in the words: more life, for your neighbour as for yourself. And I believe that man, though not without perplexity, effort, and pain, can fulfil this duty and gradually achieve his destiny. A religion which takes this as its central core and interprets it with wide vision, both of the possibilities open to man, and the limitations in which he is confined, will be a true religion, because it is coterminous with life; it will encourage the growth of life, and will itself grow with that growth. I believe in the religion of life.

ANATOLE FRANCE*

By J. S. WILL

PARISIAN? Undoubtedly he was a Parisian. A hundred times Anatole France has celebrated this happy accident in grateful lines that men will read as long as literature endures. He was actually born in Paris, which is more than can be said of most French poets or of above sixty per cent. of his fellow-citizens. A great deal more than a Parisian, he still had the Parisian's zest of life, his curiosity, his realism, his industry, his love of pleasure, his urbanity, his gay and dissolving irony. Some of these qualities he admitted. But he would smile, as other men of reflection and taste must smile, at Mr. Stewart's peculiar description of a Parisian as an impious person, contemning marriage, loving lubricity, and living in superstition. Tennyson once talked of 'the red fool fury of the Seine,' but such a representation of Parisianism is, surely, still more fatuously stupid, and criticism founded on such a fantasy might well apply to itself the words of Sylvestre Bonnard when, after reproaching himself for his failure to recognize in the dazzling Princess Trépoif the indigent Madame Cocoz of former days, he exclaims: 'I should do better to blame myself for having passed by a beautiful and gracious spirit without suspecting its presence'.

To be sure he loved Paris. Like all Parisians small or great, and like many others, he loved the multiple beauties of his native place. He loved its physical aspects, he loved its enshrined history. From the windows of the house in which he was born, 'on the banks

of the Seine, the most illustrious and the most beautiful spot in the world', he could see the Tuileries and the Louvre, the pure and harmonious lines of the Ile St. Louis set like a jewel in a branching river of silver, out of which rise the towers of Notre Dame, the turrets of the Palais de Justice and the spire of the Sainte Chapelle. 'All these stones speak. They tell me of the prodigious history of the French,' 'of one of the most beautiful adventures of man.' If ever city was celebrated in noble speech, Paris, its river, its skies, its quais, its quarters, Paris, the smiling, the sad, the caressing, the menacing, all Paris has received its consecration through the affection of Anatole France. 'Paris, old and venerable, with its towers and its spires, that is my life. It is myself. I should be nothing apart from these things, which are reflected in the thousand shades of my thought, which inspire and quicken me. That is why I love Paris with a mighty love.'

As the thing we love draws out certain aspects of our personality, so Paris played its part in the development of Anatole France. Its life, political, intellectual and artistic, its life as capital, as hostel of the world, as *ville lumière*, as microcosm, passes as detail into a number of his books and as subject material into a few of them. But this is only fragmentary in his significance and furnishes a most inadequate background for the appreciation of his talent. As for the Third Republic, under which he passed the greater part of his life, he had already seen two monarchies and a Second Republic. It is not surprising, then, that at bottom it is the transitory nature of governments that impresses him rather than a particular form of administration. For good or ill his fundamental position in regard to

*ANATOLE FRANCE. *The Man and His Work*, by J. L. May (John Lane, London, 1924).

ANATOLE FRANCE, by Barry Cerf. (The Dial Press, N.Y., 1926).

ANATOLE FRANCE. *The Parisian*, by H. L. Stewart. (Dodd, Mead, xiv, 394; \$3.00).

life was taken and defined before the Third Republic came into existence. Events that occurred during the course of this régime determined certain of his satires in both form and content because those events were crises after centuries of struggle. The last two volumes of the *Histoire Contemporaine*, the *Ile des Pingouins*, the *Révolte des Anges*, mark, more than any speeches or pamphlets, the violence of his passion for the *chose publique* against the cynical realism of monarchists and republicans on the one hand and the idealistic folly of communists on the other. His love of reverie had not destroyed in him the capacity to feel and to act. Given his temperament and the course of his mental development, it was inevitable that, under any administration, he should be 'carried away by his feelings and yield to passion even as the herd'.

In his work, then, Paris is only a decoration and the Republic only a pretext. The perspective of his thought passed far out and beyond the city and the state. He had something at least of that magnificence of mind which makes Plato's ideal philosopher the spectator of all time and all existence. His inspiration does not fail, like Hardy's out of Dorset, when he observes remote epochs and far off events. His descriptions of the cities of Italy, of the spirit of Greece or of the weight of Rome are not surpassed in any literature.

After all, Anatole France belonged to the century of Byron, of Hegel, of Vigny, of Schopenhauer, of Taine and of Renan; to the century that made Darwin and Spencer and Berthelot and Morley and Hardy; to the century of beliefs and blasphemies, of missionaries and mercantilism, of science and sentiment, of reform and revolt, of progress and positivism, of isms and nostrums and back-to-nature movements that make the Christian God look like a tribal deity. These are the relations of his real significance, and all the local history you may heap together will not explain him any more than it would explain Wells or Montaigne, or Rabelais, or Lucretius. The ideas that move him are the ideas that the eighteenth century threw into the lap of the nineteenth for solution. The figures which throng the field of his imagination are the figures that tormented the authors of Job and Ecclesiastes. Because the prototypes of these figures were more numerous in his country than ever before, his own country has consumed some five or six million copies of his books and the outside world some millions more. By these evidences Anatole France is a citizen of the world who, for a generation, moved the world as no other of his contemporaries.

The business of the critic who would explain France is, then, to describe his century, one of the most incoherent, materialistic and destructive epochs in the history of the world. It is not, however, the politics of the Third Republic that should be described but, chiefly, the science and art of the century. After hav-

ing shown the extent to which he was influenced by that century, the critic would examine the resistance that France opposed to it. For, to his credit, Anatole France like a light-house in a tumultuous sea, stands in the midst of the turbulent currents of his generation casting a serene ray upon more peaceful channels. This is what troubles us in him. He is not of the common opinion. To a generation saying we know everything and can explain everything, he retorted that we know nothing and can explain nothing. The mystery behind the gorgeous panorama of existence is one of life's purest joys. Our explanations of the mystery are no explanation at all. Other explanations would serve and have served equally well.

Now there is no man whom we suspect more than the one who makes us doubt the validity of our systems and our shibboleths. We prefer existence to understanding, a somnolent satiety to even a merely intelligent interest. The dog that sleeps on the mat in the sun is less disturbing than the one that keeps clamorous watch. We would rather dream of becoming than think of being, relieve our boredom by absorption in the passing show than temper character in the fires of duration. Anatole France torments our smug superficiality. And if this were all we might well deem it insufficient. His interest, however, is not in the forms that come and go but in man who endures. Nations rise and fall. Civilizations mature and pass away and this magnificent spectacle, in which each should play his part with serene sincerity, will be followed by another of equally solemn grandeur and this one by still another, the beauty of which compensates in some measure for its transitoriness, but in which the permanent value is the mind of man, growing more and more through suffering into fuller knowledge and love.

Such is the Whole which he saw in life, which commanded his devotion, in the interests of which he sacrificed in the temple of beauty and scourged injustice. Life is full of antinomies. Truth we cannot know because of our human frailty. Beauty we may know for the same reason. Is there a better guide than this permanent companion of the tortured human spirit?

We ask of the critic that he reveal his author in his temperament and in his art. The only real testimony in the case of a man of letters is his work. It furnishes all the documents we need. A Boswell, bringing fresh documents, is one thing. A Brousson, retailing with shameless disloyalty occasional post-prandial jests, is quite another. Madame Bergeret did not understand her husband, especially when he put on his 'cap and bells'. 'You laugh at what is not humorous and one can never tell whether you are jesting or in earnest'. But she believed all the gossip she heard about him. Gossip is more easily grasped than ideas. There is all the less reason for taking into account this mercenary exploiting of Francian art and public curios-

ity since few men have talked to themselves in their books so freely and so frequently as France. This is the secret of his method in much of his work. He never called himself a novelist and frequently denied any claim to such a talent, although he has produced half a dozen excellent novels. He gave various names to his productions—short stories, chronicles, private diaries, philosophical conversations. Such moulds lend themselves particularly well to his talent. In them he is able to oppose to each other various aspects of the same question in two, three, or more voices. It is done with great art because he had the artist's double vision. Idea and character appear to him simultaneously. Each aspect of the subject is at once embodied in a person who never speaks out of his part, so that not one of these persons is ever Anatole France any more than Alceste is Molière or Othello is Shakespeare. Moreover the sensitive, shy and awkward youth of the 'Pierre' stories, who presented himself so badly, who, in *Jean Servien*, shows himself so incapable of decision, came into his mental and artistic maturity at a very early date. We possess him almost entirely in his early essays and poems published between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. The succeeding years reveal merely a growing sureness and fecundity:—

This man of parchments talks and says nothing, whilst our housekeeper never utters a word that isn't full of sense and succulence, containing either the announcement of a meal or the promise of a spanking. One knows what she is saying. But this old man assembles sounds that are meaningless.

The significance of a work of art seems to be as far beyond the comprehension of many critics as the speech of Bonnard was beyond his tabby, Hamilcar. The symbols must be absolutely concrete or they are nothing but a collection of sounds. Surely the least we can demand of a literary critic is a literary method. What kind of criticism is it that interprets the *Histoire Comique* as a 'love story' or as a treatment of the 'problem of sex', and, mistaking incident or material for an attitude towards the universe, observation of life for a theory of life, builds on these false premises a violent attack upon a nation's customs? With such a method how would you interpret Hamlet's killing of Polonius? What, again, are we to make of criticism that identifies an author with certain of his personages in a creation of the imagination? We may reply in Anatole France's words: 'You remind me of a man who might think he had discovered the king's secrets because he had seen the paintings that adorned the council chamber.' What wonder is it then that an author's thought is distorted? Discuss Anatole France's taste if you will, but it is worse than malice, when speaking of his idea of love, to overlook *Sylvestre Bonnard*, *l'Aube*, the *Pierre* stories and others, and concentrate attention upon the *Lys Rouge* and the *Histoire Comique*, neither of which is a love story. The former

shows love as sensual passion to be an illusion and practically undistinguishable from jealousy, the latter describes a world absorbed in illusion and reaching hallucination in a selected type. To come away from the reading of Anatole France with the idea that he is a Rousseauist is like denying primitive man as a scientific postulate or original sin as a theological dogma.

Of the three books before us, it is only Mr. May's which gives us any impression that we have to do with a man who was essentially an artist and a poet. From Mr. Cerf we learn that Mr. Cerf has very firm if not absolutely fixed ideas about the universe, which remain unshaken by the attacks of an idle, weak and frivolous ironist. In Mr. Stewart's compact book we see a generously furnished mind interested in contacts with a historico-philosophical figure of a traditionally antipathetic race. From Mr. May we get a glimpse of a delightful companion, a genial *conteur* and a real artist. And as I leave Mr. May I turn to my shelves and read again lines of which I should like to have been the author:—

In the midst of the eternal illusion which envelops us, one thing alone is certain, that is suffering. It is the corner-stone of life. Upon it humanity is founded as upon an immovable rock. It is the only evidence of a reality that otherwise escapes us. We know that we suffer and we know nothing else. Such is the foundation upon which man has built everything. Yes, it is upon the burning granite of pain that man has solidly established love and courage, heroism and pity, the choir of august laws and the *cortege* of terrible and charming virtues. If this foundation failed, these beautiful forms would go down together into eternal nothingness. Humanity is vaguely conscious of the necessity of pain. It has placed the sadness of piety among the saintly virtues. Blessed are those who suffer and woe to them who are blessed! Because it uttered this cry, the gospel has reigned in the world for two thousand years.

HEAT

By Ronald Everson

In the oven of the sky
Half a dozen white loaves lie,
Round above and flat below;
Who is baking I don't know.

Well, whoever put them there,
In the oven of the air,
Better dampen down the sun
Before the batch is over-done.

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is unable at the present to pay for material.

THE POET

I remember a far windy land,
Wherein a great God Poet made a song,
A song of ceaseless, silent wings of space
That beat forever down the length of time.

And now and then he made a lyric verse,
And every lyric verse became a day.

He sang the deeps that drop beyond the stars,
He sang the thousand arches of the sky.
He sang the thick, impenetrable dark
That separates the lonely homes of heaven.

And then he stayed, and sang a lyric verse,
And dawn, and noon and evening interwove.

He sang a lyric day that drew apart
The heavy sky that hangs above the night
And showed the fresh young colours of the dawn
Where angel feet might tread untainted ways,
And angel faces might look down unveiled
To see the dream pearls scattered in the grass.

He sang a lyric verse of curling smokes
That moved in changing, shadow-tinted forms
Against a dusky city, where the rain
Polished the roofs to silver, and the mist
Made far-off towers shreds of mystery
Beyond the streaming silver of the streets.

He sang the purple shadows of the woods
When leaves the branches strain to shut away
The noisy splendour of the sunset sky,
While drowsy flowers droop their heads to sleep,
And little fragrant whimsies haunt the dusk,
And dreams are real, and life a fantasy.

I remember a far windy land
Where I might hear the great God Poet sing.
He sang the fragile silence of the star.
He sang the slow, proud rhythm of the sun.
And now and then he stayed, and smiled and made
Another lyric for another day.

D. M. SANDERS.

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE XVIIITH CENTURY, by A. S. Turberville (Oxford University Press; pp. 556; \$6.25).

THE ENGLISH POOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *A Study in Social and Administrative History*, by Dorothy Marshall (George Routledge and Sons; pp. xi, 291; 12/6).

IT is somewhat surprising that the history of the House of Lords in the eighteenth century has not been written before to-day, especially when we recall that the peerage had never been so powerful over a long period, and that nowhere else in Europe was there an aristocracy with a tithe of their power. In France baronial power had withered before the Great Monarch; elsewhere the benevolent despotism of the eighteenth century left it no place; only in England could the aristocracy feel that they had reached their full stature. It was Disraeli's historical imagination which first justly appreciated the position of the 'Venetian Oligarchy' whose long rule he so scathingly denounced.

Mr. Turberville's scholarly work is admirably written, carrying its learning and deep research easily. Not even he can make all the debates of the Upper House interesting, but they are far more interesting than we might expect. There are some admirable chapters on such matters as the social influence of the peerage, whilst the study of their lordships' labours is illumined by sketches of the chief figures who played any part there—Somers, Newcastle, Hardwick, Chatham, Mansfield, Shelburne, and others.

The volume covers the eighty years from the accession of Queen Anne to the downfall of Lord North of unhappy memory in 1782. The accession to office and power of the younger Pitt soon afterwards, ushered in a new era for the House of Lords as for England. The study of the peerage within the first eighty years of the eighteenth century has a certain unity which, at the risk of over-simplification, may be seen thus: in Queen Anne's reign the Lords were consolidating the gains of the 'glorious revolution' of which they were the first but not sole beneficiaries; the succession of the two foreign Georges assured their triumph, at first tempered by Walpole, but rising to its height in the score of years after his fall; and finally the storm and stress which followed the accession of George III, led to a check and then indeed an end to their overwhelming supremacy.

The middle of the century is thus 'the heyday of the



ON THE NORTH SHORE

BY LAWREN HARRIS

Whig oligarchy'; in a cabinet of thirteen we find no less than eight dukes. The prime importance of Walpole's rule has somewhat obscured this rule of the House of Lords. Lord Hardwicke always insisted on their superiority to the Lower House, and Mr. Turberville is of opinion that in the reign of George I they still remained 'the dominant chamber in the Legislature'. But increasingly their control was exercised through the control of the membership and voting of the Lower House. It was a comfortable enough state of affairs for them in the middle of the century when their numbers were small, the commons biddable or bribable, and the issues comparatively unimportant. But it was a vulnerable system, and the new forces which set about changing English history in the second half of the century disturbed it increasingly and finally made an end of it. And we do not need to be followers of Disraeli to nod our approval.

Yet we are so ready nowadays to appreciate the evils of rule by this (or any other) aristocracy, that it is well to be reminded of their good as well as of their bad qualities. The aristocracy of eighteenth-century England really shows to better advantage outside the House of Lords than in it; it was perhaps a disadvantage to them (as it has sometimes been to their successors) that they had a Chamber all their own, for it suggests a larger degree of class consciousness and class separation than really existed. Their home is not so much the House of Lords, nor their town houses, which a French traveller found insignificant as compared with the Parisian palaces of the French nobility, but in their country estates where 'Vanbrugh and the Adams erected the edifices, Reynolds and Gainsborough bedecked their walls, Capability Brown surrounded them with his exotic landscape-gardens.' Like the squire, the yeoman and the peasantry they were rooted in the soil, and neither the Grand Tour nor the life of the capital could in general divorce them therefrom. As Mr. Turberville puts it:—

The strength of the eighteenth century aristocracy lay in its healthy love of the open air, its for the most part unanalysed affection for the English countryside, for its fields, its villages, its animals, its game, its very atmosphere, in its hereditary memory—going back over long centuries—of the families, the customs, the traditions of each neighbourhood.

Such a reminder need not mitigate the political mistakes or shortcomings of the peers who governed England, but it should remind us that we need a wider basis for our judgment of them than the record of Parliament allows.

In the year in which Lord North resigned, a certain Thomas Gilbert secured the passing of an act concerning the care of the aged and child poor. This date, 1782, marks the end of Miss Marshall's survey, which, however, goes farther back than our history of the peers, to the Act of Settlement of 1662. With no chamber (save the often revolting workhouse of the

period) and no voice (save that of the beggar) in the country, the aged, the destitute children, and the able-bodied but unemployed poor offer a pitiable contrast to their wealthy neighbours who governed the country. Miss Marshall gives a sympathetic and clear account of the problems of poverty over this period, analyses opinion with regard to it, and retails the efforts to deal with it, and their failure. England was still a land of parishes, and in default of a wider organization for poor relief, the primary object of the officials of the period was to rid themselves, by any means, of the burden of the poor—to some other parish. The picture of the poor, thus harried about 'England's green and pleasant land', is not a pleasing one. Yet even so England, we are told, 'was in the van' in the endeavour to cope with the problem (Arthur Young's pictures of the poverty in France support the view) and the latter part of the eighteenth century saw the beginnings of a humaner view of this as of other social problems.

R. F.

LA VERENDRYE AND HIS SONS

JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF PIERRE GAULTIER DE VARENNES DE LA VERENDRYE AND HIS SONS, with Correspondence between the Governors of Canada and the French Court, touching the Search for the Western Sea. Edited with introduction and notes by Lawrence J. Burpee (The Champlain Society; pp. xxiii, 548).

STUDENTS of exploration in North America have been intrigued with the importance of the search for the Western Seas as a persistent motive. Mr. L. J. Burpee in *The Search for the Western Sea* has traced the fascinating history of exploration in Northern North America with the *Mer d'Quest* as a central theme. In the volume under review he has presented in detail the evidence in the official documents of the period which shows the importance of the conception to the work of La Verendrye and his sons in the exploration of the Northwest.

To the casual reader of these documents the skill with which Mr. Burpee has presented his case leaves a decided impression that the search of Sir Galahad for the Holy Grail was not less pure than that of La Verendrye for the Western Sea. Occasionally doubt appears, as in the letters of Maurepas, when he refers as in his letter of April 22, 1737, to 'The suspicion I have always entertained, and which I have not concealed from you, that the beaver trade had more to do than anything else with the Sieur de la Verendrye's Western Sea expedition', but these doubts are dispelled by Beauharnois and Horquart, who refer to the great debts which La Verendrye has incurred, and Mr. Burpee assures us that his 'energies were entirely absorbed in the cause of exploration. He was no

business man, and a very indifferent fur trader'. La Verendrye also writes convincing letters showing his 'zeal' for discovery. 'Money, Monseigneur, was moreover always a secondary consideration with me.' The case appears complete.

On the other hand a feeling of dissatisfaction with the verdict persists. The documents are primarily official, necessarily presenting La-Verendrye in the best possible light and answering the charges of the home authorities. Mr. Burpee has skilfully arranged his brief by presenting documents which were primarily designed as window dressing. As to the activities behind the scenes little is known. A document in the appendix shows that La Verendrye was not above indulging in sharp practice with his creditors, and his contemporaries were apparently not thoroughly impressed with his statements. Father Nau, in a letter to Father Bonin of the Society of Jesus, dated Sault St. Louis, October 2, 1735, wrote:—

I had a pretty long conversation with M. La Verandrie, who is in command of the three most western posts. I understood from the interview that not much reliance can be placed on what he says concerning white bearded Indians. The Western Sea would have been discovered long ago if people had wished it. Mons. le Comte de Maurepas is right when he says that the officials in Canada are not looking for the Western Sea but for the sea of the beaver.

Even La Verendrye's journals and reports written to convince his readers of efforts to continue exploration toward the Western Sea show clearly the importance of the fur trade. His advice to the Indians warning them against trade with the English and urging them to increase the size of their hunts; the strategic location of his posts to check the trade to Hudson Bay; and lastly, the actual number of furs sent down; all these bore witness to his mastery of the details of the fur trade. During the years in which he was directly associated with his partners (he closed the arrangements in 1734-5) the fur trade increased tremendously. In 1735, the last year, they made up 600 packages of fur, but were only able to send down 400. For two or three years after 1735, when he had dissociated himself, the trade was characterized by mismanagement and neglect. The prosperity of Horquart's regime in New France was to a large extent the result of the extension of the trade to the Northwest under La Verendrye. Indeed it is quite possible that when all the evidence has been made available we may be warranted in saying that La Verendrye's contributions to the organization of the fur trade were more important than his contributions to the search for the Western Sea. The establishment of the fur trade in the difficult country between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg was no slight achievement.

It is unfortunate that the relations of La Verendrye with La Marque and Gamelin and other traders

from Montreal cannot be understood because of lack of evidence, but we should have felt more comfortable regarding Mr. Burpee's case if the fur trade had received more extensive consideration. The Search for the Western Sea should have been studied more closely in relation to the search for the sea of beaver.

HAROLD A. INNIS.

THE CRITIC CRITICIZED

MENCKENIANA: A SCHIMPFFLEXIKON. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 132; \$2.75).

ON second thoughts, this book is worth the price asked; for if genuine it is a valuable document for the study of culture in the United States. The 'Dictionary of Abuse' is an anthology of criticisms (almost all American) aimed at Mr. H. L. Mencken. By 'genuine' I imply the important caveat that its value depends upon its being (as publishers assert) representative.

At first sight one has the impression of monotonous and stupid abuse, e.g.:—

Cannot America produce some one who will knock Mr. Mencken into a cocked hat, or at least smack his sassy face? (p. 22)

He must have a miserable little shrivelled up heart and soul (p. 127)

If this were all, the book would not be worth reviewing—a mere concert of yelps from the almost inhuman crew whom the national castigator exposes out of their own mouths in *Americana*! one could not blame them for the yelp, but there would be small reason to study its tempo. There is more than this: two points of interest.

First, amid this jungle of illiterate and irrelevant malediction flower a very few sensible criticisms of Mr. Mencken:

With a culture without beauty, a logic without human allowance, and an articulateness without any understanding of the value of modulation, he goes his untrammelled way, happily unconscious of the fact that critics can be artists. (p. 30) (This, except for the hideous opening 'with . . . without', is admirably put.)

Mencken does not live for his art. It is for him only a political weapon. (p. 38)

What can be said of a man like Mencken who, in the presence of the broken body and spirit of the still living Woodrow Wilson, could refer to him frequently as 'the late Woodrow'? (p. 81) (atrocious, undoubtedly).

Mr. Mencken talks about truth as if she were his mistress, but he handles her like an iceman. (p. 130)

H. L. Mencken is rude and insulting. He might speak of our mental deficiencies with a more restrained tone. (p. 131)

These constitute the first point of interest. Mr. Mencken is undoubtedly ruthless, strident, inartistically careless of light and shade, forgetting that to reform men you must remind them of what good is left in them. His answer would no doubt be, 'Vulgarity, hypocrisy and the tyrannies based on them affect me as war or murder affect you. Therefore I should no more handle the Kiwanis with kid gloves than you

would offer buns to a man-eating tiger—or (let me add) than you are now offering them to me'. Certainly if he criticised America with the propitiatory gestures of an old lady distributing tracts, America would never hear of him, much less listen to him.

The second point may be more briefly dismissed. Ever and anon I was puzzled by references to Mr. Mencken's obscenity. At first I supposed that I must have missed a great deal of his work: later it appeared that the indecency is to be discovered in the *American Mercury*. Of course this is ludicrous: he does, to be sure, call things by their true name, a practice for which there is the best possible authority. The interest of this ridiculous accusation lies herein, that his opponents are seeking to discredit him with innocents who never read the *American Mercury* by coolly fabricating a charge which they know will send those innocents scurrying to shelter. After hearing the accusation they will regard it as a point of religion to close their ears to any defence of Mr. Mencken, and at peril of their souls or (what is the same thing to many of them) their reputations, never allow themselves to peep into a periodical which for all its ferocity and glibness is one of the best-written, best-informed, most illuminating and public-spirited journals in the world.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

THE OUTLOOK TOWER

THE INTERPRETER GEDDES. By Amelia Defries (London: Routledge; 10/6).

WHEN, as a boy, I was shown the wonders of Edinburgh, my attention was carefully drawn to the home of John Knox. Here, I gathered, had once lived a noble and heroic man; but the precise manner in which he had benefited humanity eluded me. I remember that street: there is nowhere in the world at all like Castlehill, and its importance had been deeply impressed upon me. I did not notice the Outlook Tower, yet it had been active, with a truly prophetic activity for more than eighteen years.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Outlook Tower and its creator, Patrick Geddes, in the world of today; and almost as difficult to find a truly great man about whose life and work so little is generally known. Geddes' ideas, far from providing a theme for self-advertisement, have been largely realized in practical achievement; and that achievement represents an amazing amount of amazingly varied activity. 'Excellence in anything,' said Santayana, 'consists in representation, in standing for many diffuse constituents reduced to harmony.' The eminence of Patrick Geddes consists chiefly in his remarkable powers of synthesis. Transcending his own specialized knowledge in many branches of science, he has realized the necessary interdependence of all

knowledge, the urgent need for breaking down departmental barriers. He is eminent because he represents Knowledge and Man rather than some special aspect of knowledge or any group of men. To sum up Patrick Geddes in a paragraph would be impossible; but the Outlook Tower, 'representing the new university which, instead of passively following the currents of the outside world, will stand above them and react upon them,' symbolizes the man and his dream:—

From the gallery at the top of the tower one has a view of Edinburgh and the surrounding region, and by considering in turn all the elements of the view—the sun, the clouds, the distant hills and their vegetation—one tends to drop the habit of thinking in terms of bare abstractions, and to see the variety and unity of the world from which the sciences, the arts, the organizations, the movements, take their departure. With this initial view, one goes down from the prospect to the floor devoted to Edinburgh, next to that devoted to Scotland, and then to the English speaking countries, and finally to the planet as a whole. One leaves the building with a new orientation: and if Professor Geddes has been at one's elbow as interpreter, one has perhaps for the first time got one's bearings in the world of 'reality' and the world of thought.

The dream, or rather the vision, that has sustained Geddes throughout a long lifetime of self-forgotten activity was well expressed in the initial summary of a play, written for the Little Theatre, London, in 1914. 'The effect was stillborn. The manager had a nervous breakdown; Geddes was left to shoulder the expenses.' Here is part of the argument:—

Thinker and artist are now needed on a common platform, and before a single audience—one open at once to ideals and to enquiries, and desiring truth and beauty together. This reunion of speculative thought with creative activity requires for its exposition not only the resource and the audience of pulpit and platform, of university and exhibition, of publication and discussion, but—as most unifying of all—those of the theatre. For what is the aim of science, and whither the increasing sweep of its generalizations of energy, life and evolution, if not toward an even fuller presentment of the universe as Cosmic Drama?

The Returning Gods, as this play was called, failed to attract the slightest attention; meanwhile, over the horizon appeared other 'returning gods', those of hate and destruction, and the light of our Western civilization was temporarily extinguished.

Geddes' conceptions of sociology are elaborated by Victor Branford in his *Interpretations and Forecasts*.

The university and the city should be linked, and their co-operation rendered conscious and effective by the needed school of sociology, at the same time an institute of synthetics. Towards this the Outlook Tower is an experimental beginning. Life without labour leads to folly and vice; labour without education leads to stupidity or to crime; education without citizenship leads to all the diseases of the body politic.

All this would be interesting in itself; but it was no merely speculative philosopher who said: 'the town problems before us resolve themselves into this—how to help each type of community, each individual home in it, so as to make this and that town, as it were, a human garden of the world, where each form of life

may grow and develop according to its nature.' In 1913 Geddes attracted much attention and received an award for his *Cities and Town-Planning Exhibition* at Ghent. In India to-day you may find many of his ideas fully materialized.

The present book has been written by an admiring disciple, whose appreciations are so personal and so warm, that she finds it difficult to delay a fluent pen long enough to assist the sceptical mind over undeniably rough spots. It would sometimes seem doubtful which is more important to her mind, Geddes the man or what he represents. But this is after all not a great matter and the book gains perhaps as much as it loses by its author's unfailing ardour. Tagore has contributed a brief Foreword, Lewis Mumford a Preface, and Israel Zangwill a broadly interpretative Introduction. Thus supported, the book has a whole which is strongly convincing. I cannot resist quoting this fragment from Zangwill:—

Religion is not limited to the wrangling of the sects. To exclude the dramatist or the artist from the remaking of religion would be to leave it to its emptiest and driest expounders. The Opera had its origin in the Mass, but there is no reason why a new Mass should not have its origin in the Opera. There is no more spiritual communion than that of a great audience surrendered to some noble form of beauty.

It should not now be necessary to recommend this book as a source of inspiration and enlightenment, but, as Zangwill remarks sadly, 'A coherent system of thought, or a real analysis of its own mentality is the last thing that humanity seeks or even tolerates.' Perhaps the day for Geddes and such prophetic realization is not yet. Five critical appreciations of the man by eminent contemporaries conclude the volume. There are also nine plates and many diagrams in the text.

MARCUS ADENEY.

SUBSIDIZED HISTORY

THE SILENT FORCE, *Scenes from the Life of the Mounted Police of Canada*, by T. Morris Longstreth (The Century Co.-George McLeod; pp. 373; \$4.00).

ORDINARILY this book would not merit a serious review. It belongs definitely in the list of books which includes the publications of tourist agencies placed in the review section of most periodicals, among books received. The Canadian Pacific Railway 'The father of all my Canadian books' the Canadian National Railways and the White Pass and Yukon Transportation Company were mentioned among those giving 'aid'. Since, however, the volume is typical of a movement in which tourist pamphlets are being expanded to full dress descriptive works in response to the demands of the railways for an increase in tourist traffic, it may be reviewed as repre-

sentative of a class of books rather than as an individual book, especially as the enlistment of trained American writers promises a rapid growth in the size of the class. Moreover, the book has been read in manuscript by some of the higher officials in the Police Force, Governmental authorities have been very active in censorship, and it may be possible from a perusal of this work to determine some of the essentials which Governmental bodies require in printed volumes. Finally, Mr. Longstreth has written a section of the work apparently free from handicaps, and it is possible to estimate his abilities as a writer.

The title is ironical. The work is divided chronologically into six parts, each of which corresponds with the regime of a commissioner. Mr. Longstreth has written the early chapters, covering roughly the period proper to 1900, apparently without restriction and he has done valuable work in rescuing from oblivion a large number of amusing anecdotes of the force, in presenting material not hitherto available in print, in the inclusion of photographs and sketches of events of its early history, and in giving a summary of the contributions of each commissioner. For the first time we have a fairly accurate picture of the early police as men who drank, swore, occasionally mutinied, and had other vices characteristic of men on hard active service which made them generally beloved in the territory in which they served. The early sketch is marred by insistence on certain details which appeal to movie fans, by inaccurate sketches of various events, notably in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and by a degree of fulsome praise, but we are grateful for the general picture.

In dealing with the activities of the Police Force after 1900, Mr. Longstreth succumbs and the work becomes progressively worse. Nothing more ridiculous could have been included than the description of the Winnipeg Strike. The author apparently intended this chapter to illustrate the crowning achievement of the Police, but the anticlimax is complete. Regarding this slight disturbance he writes after working himself into a perfect fury: 'The destiny of Canada stood still through that tremendous moment, deciding which way to move' (p. 304). 'The destiny of Canada which had halted for that tremendous moment in June had resumed its march' (p. 308). Of course the Police determined the ultimate direction. One hesitates to think that the higher authorities of the Police Force read these sections without protest. The objections of the Police to the treatment by the movies have always been taken as well founded, but if this manuscript was passed over in silence one can only suspect that the protests are scarcely sincere. And very fittingly as the work deteriorates, a photograph entitled the Recruit's Dream has been included, facing the third last page, which shows a pretty girl

in a boat, a policeman and a horse standing on the shore of Lake Louise, of course, and by courtesy of the *Canadian Pacific Railway*.

HAROLD A. INNIS.

CRITIQUES

CRITIQUES, by Augustus Ralli (Longmans, Green, pp. 205; \$4.25).

"EMILY BRONTE: The Problem of Personality", is the subject of the first of these essays in criticism, and the sub-title could be applied to most of the portraits in the book. The ground covered by Mr. Ralli is familiar; if he bases his conclusions on the work of Jane Austen, Morris, Hardy, and the others dealt with, yet his special object of search is the way in which they won their happiness, and freed themselves from the material world, a world, apparently, more and more one of 'insecurity and fear.' This search, and the estimate of achievement, is coloured by an idealistic conservatism which runs with varying intensity but curious persistency through the book.

It is in the essay on Plutarch that we are told of the present world of 'insecurity and fear'; in the one on Jane Austen we find that 'To stay at home, to meditate, to enjoy the small pleasures of life, has become impossible'; Pater, who, like Marius, says Mr. Ralli, was accustomed to various ways 'to take flight in time from any too disturbing passions', is forgiven for his profound mistrust of the actual age in which he lived, since 'in an age like the present his indeed would be a voice crying in the wilderness.' And as a last example, when Mr. Ralli asks himself where Hardy has found his 'basis of reality', his reply is 'we find this basis in the soul of the peasant, because the peasant, thus idealized, is distinguished with one other class still surviving in corners of the world (certain of the old aristocracy) by possessing a soul.'

Since Mr. Ralli is so insistent, and since the essay has so many good things in it, perhaps we may follow him when he flies to what would be for many a doubtful refuge—the world of Jane Austen. There is little point in debating her greatness, and yet Mr. Ralli protests too much. His belief is so strong that he tells how she wrote, of the war, 'How horrible it is to have so many people killed and what a blessing that one cares for none of them'; she is compared, of course, with Mrs. Gaskell, who supposedly lived in a 'little town' where it was 'always afternoon'; and we 'almost smile when again and again she mentions the exact figure of her heroines' dowries'. Well, is it unfair to ask if Jane Austen could have written that magnificent story of the Brontës, who lived at the edge of civilization, as Mrs. Gaskell did write it; and for the 'almost smile' I cannot but remember, because recently read, a jotting in the journal of Katherine Mansfield, 'They were neither of them quite enough in love to

imagine that £350 a year would supply them with all the comforts of life' (Jane Austen's Elinor and Edward). 'My God! say I'. I might let this pass as a concession to romantic feeling, if Mr. Ralli did not explain that this interest 'asserts . . . the joys of home, where, untroubled by economics, the soul develops the power to enjoy the present which is immortal life'. She was untouched by the French Revolution, and 'at the present day, such a person would be called narrow-minded or self-absorbed, but let no one bring a charge of this kind against Jane Austen,' he says, and leaves it at that. There is no possibility of letting the cat out of the bag about these limited interests, since no admirers of Jane Austen have felt the desire to hide it: can even disgust with modern conditions justify the worn-out assertion that 'Only with Scott and Jane Austen is there the perfect balance of Shakespeare . . . the others desire to remould the world according to a pre-conceived plan.' Balance, so used, means nothing.

Returning to a more general appreciation of *Critiques* one may say that in almost every essay (read in the leisurely way they demand) Mr. Ralli illumines some aspect of the lives of those he discusses. If his eloquence and tendency to generalize occasionally betray him into such lapses from lucidity as 'Poetry, we may say in metaphor, is the speech of angels, based upon the emotion of love which rules their spiritual world', in the essay on Swinburne this is more than compensated for by such things as his suggestions on the quality of Pater's subjectivity ('The title *Imaginary Portraits*, which belongs to Pater's slenderest volume, might have included the greater portion of his critical work.') which made Pater, 'in his anxiety of expending a single word that should draw the reader's attention from his own impression into the wider areas of settled thought, attenuate his meaning to a point that recalls the garment which could only be seen by the virtuous.' Having spent so much time on Jane Austen it is perhaps only fair to add that there are two good essays on the Brontës.

N. J. E.

SHORT NOTICES

LA PRODIGIEUSE VIE D'HONORE DE BALZAC by René Benjamin, translated by J. F. Scanlan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 350; \$5.00).

M. René Benjamin has worthily acquitted himself of a noble but arduous task, for his biography of Balzac is a fitting complement to Brunetière's masterly study of Balzac the author. A happy inspiration prompted him in the conception of a title, 'prodigious' is the only possible epithet which can be used to describe the life of Honoré de Balzac. And M. Benjamin's biographical method is in peculiar harmony with his theme. Like M. André Maurois, whose delightful *Vie de Shelley* is fresh in the minds of all of us, M. Benjamin is a novelist: he is also a social historian and a playwright. In his *Vie de Balzac*, however, he transcends mere versatility and indeed in certain passages, as if inspired by prolonged and intelligent contemplation of



Adventures for April

April, after all, is the month of adventure—the month when the buds and birds make their daring way into a world that formerly was all winter, and when “a young man’s fancy lightly turns” to dangerous ways. But what adventures are more enticing, even in April, than adventures with books, old and new?

Aboard for the Indies, Virginia and points west with

HAKLUYT’S VOYAGES, in 10 volumes, volumes ix. and x. to be ready this April. (Volumes i. to viii., \$18.00 the set, sold in sets only. Vols. ix. and x., \$4.50 the pair, sold together.)

Would you not thrill to the story of these early voyages when a trip across the Atlantic in a tiny sailing vessel was a daring feat requiring months of time and the courage of heroes; when America was a land of wonder and romance and the north-west passage to China might be just out of sight beyond the mists on the Banks? Perhaps you have read of them in some dull, prosy History written by a scientific modern—but have you studied the quaint tales of their own day? If you have, Hakluyt is an old friend, and you will welcome him to your library in this new, handsome edition; if not, you should make his acquaintance, when he will provide adventure for many winter evenings beside the fire, as well as for summer afternoons in the garden.

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QUILLER-COUCH, the great romancer? **THE DUCHY EDITION** of his novels and stories, attractively bound in blue and gold at \$1.00 each, is being brought out this Spring and Summer. The first four volumes, ready this April, are: *Dead Man’s Rock*; *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*; *Noughts and Crosses*; *The Splendid Spur*.

There is a perennial freshness about the work of Quiller-Couch, a certain simple charm and quiet distinction which gives his tales a permanent appeal. Spellbound we follow the *Astonishing History of Troy Town*, and with Jack and Della we find the *Splendid Spur*, which Quiller-Couch himself must have found early in life. Only its possession can account for the dignity and sweetness of his philosophy of life running through his most romantic stories like a cool stream; and only his well-known literary position can explain the careful purity and sheer beauty of language with which he ornaments his slightest work. This is a series you should start collecting for yourself and for your friends.

Women realize, and we suspect that men realize equally clearly, the fascinating adventures possible with

MODES AND MANNERS, a splendid series of magnificently illustrated volumes showing how the fashions of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries reflect and are reflected by the manners of the various periods. Four volumes, sold in sets only, \$18.00.

Short skirts explain the daring aviatrix, just as cape coats and tall canes explained the elegant beaux of a past age. Perhaps those who have read every word of the four volumes may be able to explain the world war as a reaction to the hobble skirt, or the present crime wave in the States as the result of removing the restraint of hair nets.

The great adventurer among our moderns, John Masefield, joys in

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO to which he writes an introduction. This edition is splendidly illustrated with 12 photogravures and numerous line drawings by Adrian de Freston, \$2.50.

Amazing, even incredible tales follow on delightfully accurate descriptions, so that this book is at once a great romance and one of the most satisfactory guide-books to China, even at the present day.

Let us adventure back into our own romantic past!

THE HISTORY OF MONTREAL from 1671 to 1701, translated from the French of Dollier de Casson by R. Flenley, of Toronto, is an important historical document and at the same time of general appeal, ready this month. Limited Edition (1000 for the entire world), \$7.50.

How much more enthralling is a detailed narrative than a dull statement of the outstanding facts of any period in history! This conscientious old Sulpician recorded every incident in those rare old days of Canada’s birth with the fidelity of a Pepys and the fascination of a Macaulay. With the French explorers, we wander through the wilderness to carve out for ourselves a new home therein, and to hold it fast against all attack through the most crucial period in its history. The English and French versions face each other page for page. Three illustrations.

Finally, for the boys and girls, comes the great adventure of camping with

THE ROVERS OF THE VALLEY, by A. H. Ball, Deputy Minister of Education, Province of Saskatchewan, and Provincial Commissioner, Boy Scouts; new this month, \$1.75.

Boys scouts camping by themselves in one of the beauty-spots of Canada, the Qu’Appelle valley, find plenty of hard work, but also moments of thrilling excitement at an Indian funeral and in the discovery of an old grave, as well as many hours of sheer gaiety and good-humoured fun. This is a splendid story, well told, with characters that the readers will come to regard as real friends.

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his subject, he steals the divine fire of Balzac himself as when he pictures the novelist, at dead of night, composing his chapter on the death agony of Goriot in a room illuminated by convulsive flashes of summer lightning.

M. Benjamin does not commit the absurdity of trying to sit in judgment on Balzac. In bold strokes he reveals the man's gigantic vanity, his naive snobbery, his amazing self-confidence, his ambition, and his stupendous, synthetic vision of society. The ordinary standards of morality prove wholly inadequate when applied to this extraordinary creature. His attitude towards Laure de Berny is typical. This sensitive gentlewoman, the mother of two marriageable daughters and three years older than Mme. Balzac fell in love with the twenty-two year old Honoré and for the fifteen remaining years of her life was his mistress, mother, and slave. She cast everything—honour, love, fortune, health—into the bottomless pit of Balzac's monstrous egotism yet, on receiving news of her death in 1836, he could not find time to go to her graveside! But could anything be more moving than the letter which he immediately dashed off to Mme. Hanska, another of his mistresses? *'Mme. Berny est morte. Je ne vous en dirai pas davantage. Ma douleur n'est pas d'un jour; elle reagira sur toute ma vie. Elle était vraie. Elle ne voulait que mon bien et ma perfection. Je vous fais son héritière, vous qui avez toutes ses noblesses. . .'*

The truth is that Balzac does not belong to the noble company of the world's great lovers. Unconsciously he relegated women to a subordinate rôle in the human comedy of life. Art, fame, wealth, power were his idols and even when he seemed most passionately in love, as with the Polish countess Hanska, he was adoring not the woman, but the scion of a noble house whose admiration for his genius flattered his avid vanity. Yet so great is the artist in Balzac that his letters throb with the illusion of passion as his novels throb with the illusion of life. We are wont to praise in the work of a great novelist what critics call intensity of feeling. But if we compare the work of an artist like Balzac with his life we realize the fallacy underlying our judgment. For the great novelist, like the great actor, cannot afford the luxury of profound sensibility. If he is to communicate to his reader the kaleidoscopic succession of emotions which compose human life he must husband his own sensibility, extracting from each experience only what is essential to the creation of the illusion of life which we call the novel. He must, indeed, feel, but not to the point where he loses his objective outlook on life. That is why the subjective novelist is unsuccessful. Subjectivism and the novel are almost mutually exclusive even when the subject of the 'confession' is a Goethe or a George Sand. That is why it is wrong to speak of Balzac as a Romantic. It is true, as M. Benjamin shows us, that he was egotistic to an almost incredible degree, yet despite this and despite the exaggeration of certain of his characters and plots, he never loses his objective and realist outlook on the universe to the point of identifying it with his own ego. The greatest proof of this is to be found precisely in the discrepancy between the part played by the women in his life and in his novels. *'Cherchez la femme'* is a Romantic fallacy which Balzac was too great a realist to subscribe to. In the pageant of life he saw that there were greater passions than love of women, and it is this discovery which is the secret of his originality as a novelist.

If Balzac has been fortunate in his biographer we are reluctantly compelled to say that M. Benjamin has been unlucky in his choice of a translator. Do not let us minimise the difficulties of Mr. Scanlan's self-imposed task, for

translation is of all the arts the most exacting and the most ungrateful. But take for instance this phrase: 'He . . . determined to support his printing business upon a type foundry' as a rendering of *'en décidant d'étayer son imprimerie sur une fonderie de caractères.'* Or 'the due date for a very big bill was approaching' as a translation of *'une grosse échéance approchait.'* Again, Balzac's lapidary phrase; *'Je ferai concurrence à l'état-civil'* as emasculated by Mr. Scanlan becomes: 'I shall rival the census!' Fortunately, as the translator proceeds, these puerilities become fewer and in the second part he begins to do justice to his original. But Mr. Scanlan is but typical of the normal English or American translator from the French and the reason for this state of things is to be found, I think, in the culpable indulgence of school and University teachers who are too prone to accept as translations the slipshod, wooden transliterations offered by the average beginner.

F. C. GREEN.

POSTPONING STRIKES—A Study of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, by Ben M. Selekman. (Russell Sage Foundation, New York; pp. 405; \$2.50).

The author is to be congratulated on having taken a topic like the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act; linked it up with its economic and social background and consequences, and presented the results of his research in a very excellent little book. The history of this Canadian Act reveals that, in Canada at least, informality in proceedings and a conciliatory attitude on the part of all concerned, with as little publicity as possible, have been on the whole very successful in preventing and ending strikes. Compulsion on the other hand has been decidedly unsuccessful, and as a result compulsory measures have been avoided and, although there are sanctions provided for disobedience, these have rarely been used and never at the instance of the government. The coal industry, however, has proved singularly unamenable to conciliation or to any other measures, and Mr. Selekman suggests that this is due to a fundamental defect in the industry, common the world over, that possible production far exceeds consumption, and as a result chronic unemployment and reduction in operating costs, including wages, are inevitable. Another writer suggests that there is something about the mining and marketing of coal that affects the temperament and mental attitude of the men engaged in it, and that no satisfactory remedy can be found without a thorough examination of these factors.

Naturally there have been complaints about the fairness of the measure, Labour at times claiming that the procedure was too slow and too favourable to the employers, while the employers have suggested that the Minister of Labour has too much power, and that there is no finality about the proceedings taken under the Act. The author, however, suggests the reasons for these criticisms and points out that they vary with the economic conditions of certain periods. There is a slight inaccuracy or incompleteness in note 2, page 44, in that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is not the final court of appeals for England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland, as is suggested by the note, while the statement on page 271 that 'Section 91 (of the B.N.A. Act) gives to the Dominion Government exclusive power to deal with 29 enumerated subjects and a general power known as the residuary power'—would be improved by having the adjective 'dominion' before residuary for there is a provincial residuary power provided for in section 92.

Certain other methods of dealing with industrial disputes are commented upon, notably 'Royal Commissions,' 'mediation,' and 'Canadian Railway Boards of Adjustments,' and the whole compared with methods in use in the United States. Incidentally this comparison and the author's conclusions are quite complimentary to the Canadian Act.

It is to be hoped that other studies on similar topics will be undertaken from time to time, for this one is a valuable contribution to Canadian sociology.

LAWYERS AND LITIGANTS IN ANCIENT ATHENS. By Robert J. Bonner (Univ. of Chicago Press; pp. x, 276; \$2.00).

The subtitle of this work is 'The Genesis of the Legal Profession'; and the title page contains the following statement by Sir Frederick Pollock: 'A civilized system of law cannot be maintained without a learned profession of the law.' Here you have briefly stated the thesis of the book. Accordingly the author deals with the most famous of the Attic orators and speech writers. The timeliness of the work, coming as it does out of the city of Chicago, is excellently set forth by the author in the introduction. One also notices therein the objectivity of his treatment and the careful evasion of a definite valuation of democratic justice:—

What lessons the experience of the most famous of ancient democracies in the administration of justice may have for the greatest of modern democracies I leave the reader to determine. Doubtless both the advocates and the opponents of trial by jury will find support for their respective views.

Coming after Sir Paul Vinogradoff's rather pedantic and most certainly disorderly *Jurisprudence of the Greek City State*, this book by Dr. Bonner is like a fresh breeze blowing into badly ventilated library stacks. The vitality of the writing and the vividness of the atmosphere more than make up for the comparative absence of references to original texts or a detailed bibliography. The anecdotes throughout are most pertinent, and those on pages 24 and 105-6 are charming illustrations of Greek modes and manners.

One feels, however, the bias of the classicist in love with the classical civilization. The defence of the Greek judicial system is largely based on a general conviction of classical virtues rather than on any direct evidence. Indeed all examples cited establish definitely that Greek justice was worse than the lowest grade of the North American continent. Perhaps a balance between Dr. Bonner's appreciation and the exceptional abuses he has reported will give a fair estimate of Greek justice.

There is a considerable repetition of some of the details of court organization and in one case the same passage is cited twice, i.e., on page 105 and again on page 239. With the wealth of anecdote which Dr. Bonner has at his command, this incident is both a surprise and a disappointment, and together with the repetitions already noted makes one imagine that the work is a series of essays rather than a unified book. This indeed is a technical fault and perhaps requires no further comment. An interesting feature of this book is the fact that Dr. Bonner is a Canadian and a former member of the Ontario Bar.

J. F. D.

FRIENDLY ACRES, by Peter McArthur (Mussion; pp. xiv., 239; \$2.00).

A friend, who teaches political economy for about a fifth of the amount he could earn in business, coldly and brutally assured me the other night that farming as an

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occupation would be economically unsound just as long as farmers chose it in a spirit of high adventure, or felt called to it as to holy orders, or would rather starve under their own orders in the country than fatten under those of a boss in the city. Maybe so.

At any rate, if there is any one man in Canada who has pre-eminently encouraged that very spirit of idealism which my friend was condemning, and who has given it vivid and characteristic and understanding expression with his pen, that man is the late Peter McArthur. Homely, arresting descriptions of common incidents long forgotten, or probably barely noticed even in boyhood days by most of us recreants, bring back tumbling hosts of reminiscences to us, and must sharpen the ears and eyes of the loyal ones who can still duplicate in their own experience the little events which have been caught and held by this devotee of the country. The equally homely philosophy has the vigour of appeal that any gospel will have whose exponent can carry conviction of his own faith in it. These qualities, and the genial, friendly humour, will ensure for Peter McArthur a longer life in the memory of men than is the lot of most feature writers, and fully justify the reprinting of these sketches in permanent form. Many of us will be glad to have *Friendly Acres* to put beside our copy of *Around Home*.

SEAWAYS AND SEA TRADE: BEING A MARITIME GEOGRAPHY OF ROUTES, PORTS, RIVERS, CANALS, AND CARGOES. By A. C. Hardy (Routledge and Sons; pp. xi, 240; 15/-).

In spite of the suspicions aroused by a very boastful introductory note this is an excellent book. We can forgive the author's introduction, the printer's slips and misspelled words, the imaginative description of the development of early sea trade, Mr. Hardy's slightly evident Nordic complex, and his indulgence in such old myths as the high tariff—high wages argument. He has provided an accurate and, on the whole, a very clear description of post war sea trade which will be invaluable to all students of economic geography. The use of maps, charts, tables, and photographs, does much to clarify the whole subject. The descriptions of the various types of ports, canals, ships, and 'riverways' are extremely valuable, but even more important is the description of the long-run effects of the opening of the Panama canal and of the increasing use of oil and the motor ship. The Panama canal has completely changed the trade routes map of the world and led, for example, to the extension of round the world services, running continuously from East to West. The growing use of the Diesel engine has had serious effects on the British coal industry through the decline in demand for bunker coal. Not only freight but also passenger cargoes have changed in extent, character, and direction. With the loss of emigrant traffic following United States immigration restrictions, ships have turned to the tourist traffic which has grown at a tremendous pace. Shipping has become more specialized as a result of increased freight, and tourist traffic has been developed with specially built boats such as those engaged in the banana trade. Incidentally tourists learn to appreciate the value of bananas as a food. An important chapter on Great Lakes shipping is included which antagonists and protagonists of the St. Lawrence waterways should read, mark, and inwardly digest. Mr. Hardy has in earlier works done much to encourage students of shipping and his latest volume is an important addition.

HAROLD A. INNES.

NEW ENGLAND'S OUTPOST: Acadia before the Conquest of Canada, by John Bartlett Brebner (Oxford University Press; pp. 291; \$4.50).

A reviewer of Dr. Brebner's fine study can do little more than catalogue merits. Patient research, balanced judgment, and literary skill in presentation of results have combined in a work of permanent value. The tale may be amplified, but its main outlines must remain unchangeable. Dr. Brebner has examined every jot and tittle of evidence which can be unearthed to explain the various events and situations in the first century and a half of Nova Scotia's existence. Particularly valuable are the fresh manuscript sources on which he has drawn. The period covered is obscure and has been a battle-ground of conflicting opinions, according to the nationality of the historians concerned. It is not too much to say that Dr. Brebner's answers to the questions raised will satisfy every reasonable mind.

The tale begins with the French attempts at colonization in the seventeenth century, and recounts briefly the century of conflict between England and France for the possession of the province. With the cession to Britain in 1714, Acadia became Nova Scotia, and, under the shadowy government of a handful of regimental officers, the Acadian population multiplied, as it never did under the French regime. A clear picture is drawn of the Acadians during Walpole's long peace. War came at the end, drawing the unhappy peasants into the whirlpool. The prevailing influence of the turbulent republicans from New England upon the organization of the province is made clear, and the effect of this precedent upon Quebec. Thanks to *Evangeline*, the history of Nova Scotia is, to most readers, the history of the Great Disruption. No similar forcible removal of a population has ever excited such universal sympathy. Dr. Brebner is sympathetic but he keeps his head; and only extremists will contest the justice of his conclusions.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

ABOUT ENGLAND. By M. V. Hughes (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; pp. xvi; 358; \$1.50).

About England is designed to meet the needs of a tourist seeking the *specialités* of England. Eliminate the bewildering museums and art galleries, says the author, you can see them anywhere, and make for what is peculiarly English. He is mild enough to allow an hour of a wet afternoon for a visit to the Royal Academy (but is this peculiarly English?); he permits a few little pilgrimages, and a few minutes on Westminster Bridge, at four o'clock in the morning, to say Wordsworth's sonnet; but he rarely forgets his main idea, and even 'In a visit to Westminster Abbey, a thing to make for is the waxworks.' *Sursum corda*, Madame Tussaud's is waxing great again. In addition to humour there are, apparently, three things especially English—scenery, the way the land 'oozes with history at every pore', and sport; we are given a good deal of 'history', and led well around London and the country. There is to be no hurry—none of the 'you do the inside and we'll do the outside' sort of thing—but curiosity is encouraged, 'The clergyman is generally only too glad of a chat with a stranger' we are told, 'Just call at the vicarage quite boldly.' Charabancs take notice!

The book is not distinguished in style or matter, but has the power of any guide to stir longing or memory by the mere mention of an old inn or village, the picture of old trees, the excellent remark 'At Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly becomes some other road, the name of which I have never been able to discover.' And this mention of

London reminds me that the author does not fail to inspire us with a belief, so essential as a preparation for a visit, in an English characteristic which Walter de la Mare has called 'a peculiar quality of insularity, which may be comprehensively described as God-Almightiness.' Most of the chapters conclude with a list of books to read. In memory of a recent short tour (in a Morris car), during which it rained thirteen days out of twelve, ought I to add that the weather of England is mentioned?

N. J. E.

RESPECTABILITY, by Bohun Lynch (Cape-Nelson; pp. 349; \$2.00).

Mr. Bohun Lynch has generously packed the materials for two volumes into one. The first half of *Respectability* tells the story of the piliant and sensitive, Esther Wade, who had the spirit to defy her conventional English world of the eighties, but had not the strength to resist the pressure of its disapprobation. Her worthless husband will not divorce her, and her respectable family are not content until they forced her back into his forgiving and drunken embrace. Driven near to madness and having lost all will to live, she quite naturally dies, while Esther the second is still a baby. The family, having reclaimed the mother from her brief and offensive state of happiness and clapped her safe in a respectable tomb, now concentrate on the child of her sin and take the utmost pains to bring her up as a respectable and grateful member of their honourable clan. Their peculiar brand of kindness would assuredly have killed her had she been as weak a nature as her mother; but the tough strain of the Wades and Darrels that had skipped a generation pulls her through, and her ultimate happiness, though hardly won, is complete. The *Respectability* on which Mr. Lynch makes such

doughty war is no bogey, but an enemy that is always within the gates of the English people (though not so lusty just now as when Samuel Butler wrote *The Way of all Flesh*), and his restraint coupled with a fine gift for characterization gives the power of truth to his attacks. The peculiar quality of his work is due to the combination of a robust nature with an extraordinary delicacy of perception. He is about the most 'English' novelist writing to-day, and it is possible that his books will be read long after most of our best sellers are forgotten.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, by Willa Cather (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 303; \$2.50).

Miss Cather's knowledge of the South-West has gleamed here and there in her previous work, notably in *The Professor's House*, where a long section of the book is devoted to the episode of Tom Outland's discovery of an ancient Pueblo village in New Mexico. These chapters about Tom's boyhood are not, as they seem, a digression. They are introduced deliberately to point a contrast between this generous adventure of the young man's wandering years and the rather sordid results of his mature work. For almost the last thing young Outland ever did was to make a chemical discovery of great commercial value, and the accruing wealth did no good to its possessors—but hardened and dulled them. Contrasted with their complacent materialism stands the glorious early adventure, as it were a symbol of spiritual energy.

The same spiritual quality is felt again as Miss Cather revisits New Mexico in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Perhaps she finds this quality in the face of that landscape, a country destined never to be a stronghold of production, but forever the empire of sun and winds. Perhaps

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it emanates from the two pure enthusiasts, Tom Outland and Jean Marie Latour. However it comes, this pure, serene, and noble air is perhaps the greatest charm of the book. In structure it is episodic, even casual, relating the Bishop's missionary journeys, describing Indian legends and customs, storm and calm, village, convent, and wilderness, yet the movement of the whole has a slow dignity, and the conclusion is both necessary and satisfying.

A. M. H.

THE TEN PRINCES, translated by Arthur W. Ryder (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 240; \$2.25).

Mr. Ryder's translation of the *Panchatantra* stamped him as a born translator of the Sanskrit in its lighter moments. Racy, colloquial where need be, unafraid even of a touch of slang, his translation of those immortal stories was a masterpiece. In this new book, a translation of a famous novel of the seventh century of the Christian era, Mr. Ryder attempts a more difficult task, that of translation of a book in which perhaps the conscious use of a subtle, manneristic style is the most characteristic feature. How well he succeeds only the scholar who has made a study of this particular book can tell. The novel itself is cast into the favourite Indian mould of the so-called 'frame-story', and consists of ten episodes in whose involutions the Western reader is apt to become somewhat bewildered. Ingenious schemes; fine, if sometimes voluptuous descriptions; magic, often real, more often pretended; palaces and prisons, princes and pimps; quite a good deal of repetition of situation; all these things are some of the ingredients of a story which anyone who likes the Thousand and One Nights with most of the marvellous omitted will enjoy.

FOSTER'S BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS, by R. F. Foster (Greenberg-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 173; \$1.00).

If some kind friend had taken his courage in both hands and given me this little book fifteen years ago, risking the loss of my friendship, he might have wholesomely punctured my secretly cherished belief that I could bid my hand, but would have added to the greater happiness of the greater number. How many muttered curses, how many inward rages, would my unfortunate partners have been spared. Here is nothing to bewilder the nervous initiate into these sacred rites. No rule of eleven, no echoes, no informatory doubles, only the pure milk of the word, uttered with what one feels to be immense self-restraint, by this hierophant of the mysteries. Since I cannot re-enter the womb and be born again into the kingdom of bridge, I can only express the pious wish that it may be my great good fortune to meet a partner some day, not too old, not too young, not unpleasant to look upon, who will say with a most disarming smile, 'I am the merest beginner. I only know *Foster's Bridge for Beginners*'. That night I shall utter a sigh of contentment knowing that I have at last found the perfect partner.



A limited number of bound volumes of THE CANADIAN FORUM, Volume VII, (October, 1926-September, 1927) are available. These volumes are bound in heavy boards, with index, and may be obtained from this office for \$2.00 per volume, plus postage.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice or review in this or subsequent issues.

EMILY'S QUEST, by L. M. Montgomery (McClelland and Stewart; pp. 310; \$2.00).

SAVOUR OF SALT, by Florence Randel Livesay (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 227; \$2.00).

ATLANTA, or the Future of Sport, by G. S. Sandilands (To-day and To-morrow Series, Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. 117; 85 cents).

FILMS OF THE YEAR 1927-28, by Robert Herring (The Studio; pp. 8 & 32 plates; 5/-).

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by S. E. Morison (Oxford University Press; 2 Vols. 461 & 531; \$9.50).

CIVILIZATION REMADE BY CHRIST, by Frederick A. M. Spencer (Allen & Unwin; pp. 287; 7/6).

BREAKING PRISCIAN'S HEAD, or English as She will be Wrote and Spoke. By J. Y. T. Greig (To-day and To-morrow Series, Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. 96; 85 cents).

THE FACETIAE OF POGGIO and other medieval story-tellers, Translated by Edward Storer (Routledge; pp. x, 172; 7/6).

THE PEACE OF NATIONS, by Hugh Dalton, M.P. (Routledge; pp. xi, 316; 5/-).

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, by Charles Fox (Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. xii, 267; 7/6).

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON, 1712-1750, written by Herself. (Routledge; pp. vii, 487; 15/-).

HERMES, or the future of Chemistry, by T. W. Jones (To-day and To-morrow Series; Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. 88; 85 cents).

ART OF THE NIGHT, by George Jean Nathan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 296; \$2.75).

AN INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Ronald B. McKerrow (Oxford; pp. xv, 360; \$5.50).

BYRD, by Frank Howes (Masters of Music Series; Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. xii, 267; 7/6).

THE LIFE-FORCE IN THE PLANT WORLD, by Eleanor Hughes-Gibb (Routledge; pp. xx, 179; 5/-).

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REVOLUTION, by Maurice Dobb (Routledge; pp. xii, 415; 15/-).

A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY, by R. A. Willmott (Scholaris Press; pp. 235; 25/-).

RECORD FLIGHTS, by Clarence D. Chamberlain (Dorance, Philadelphia; pp. 286; \$2.50).

MARIA CAPPONI, by Rene Schickele (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 332; \$3.00).

SECOND CHAMBERS, by Sir John A. R. Marriott (Oxford University Press; pp. vi, 250; \$3.25).

ENDYMION, by John Keats. Type facsimile of the first edition. Notes by H. C. Notcutt (Oxford University Press; pp. 60 & 12 & 242; \$2.25).

SOME CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF WALES, by Evan J. Jones (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. 197; 9/-).

BERNAL DIAZ DEL CASTILLO, by Genaro Garcia. Translated by A. P. Maudslay (Routledge; pp. 595; 15/-).

AN HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CANADA, by Lawrence J. Burpee (Nelson; pp. 48 & 32 plates; \$1.75).

FAMOUS WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS—FRANK BRANGWYN (The Studio; pp. 6 & 8 plates; 5/-).

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING—E. S. Lumsden (The Studio; pp. 10 & 12 plates; 5/-).

LARES ET PENATES, The Home of the Future, by H. J. Birnstingel (To-day and To-morrow Series, Kegan Paul-Musson; pp. 96; 85 cents).

AN ANNOTATED MAP-BOOK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, by K. Le Cheminant (Routledge; pp. xii, 71; 3/6).

THE QUILL AND THE CANDLE, by Wallace Havelock Robb (Ryerson Press; pp. 54).

THE LAND OF GREEN GINGER, by Winifred Holtby (Cape-Nelson; pp. 319; \$2.00).

MOTHERS' ALLOWANCE LEGISLATION IN CANADA, by J. L. Cohen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 131; \$1.00).

BRITISH EMIGRATION TO BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, by Helen I. Cowan (University of Toronto Press; pp. 275).

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THE UNFORGIVEN. P. N. Krassnoff - - - - \$3.50

General Krassnoff, who, up to the Revolution, was a general in the Imperial Russian Army and later Ataman of the Don Cossacks, has here followed up his vivid picture of the revolution contained in FROM DOUBLE EAGLE TO RED FLAG with an equally vivid picture of the social and civil disintegration which followed in its wake.

LOVE IN CHARTRES. Nathan Asch - - - - \$2.50

This book is recommended to those interested in contemporary literature as a very good study of the subjective method. Ford Madox Ford says of this book: "Mr. Asch remains as one of the most remarkable of the world's young writers."

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THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the books promised for publication this spring are some that sound very intriguing. About the time the next CANADIAN FORUM is ready, we are to have the story of Joseph Conrad's last twelve years, which has been written by his old friend and literary trustee, Mr. Richard Curle. It may be recalled that Mr. Curle was out motoring with Conrad on his last ride through the delightful Kentish countryside, where he lived of late years. It is a country far from the sea, of which the author of *Typhoon* and *Lord Jim* had grown very fond. No doubt we shall find in the book many glimpses of the Polish seaman who turned into a Kentish squire, along with many records of his conversations on indoor and outdoor topics. When, a year or more before his death, I spent a night with him at his pleasant country house, he said, with some pride, 'Yes, I like to think myself a Man of Kent.' Those who know the country round Canterbury will understand how to one of Conrad's imagination and foreign associations it would carry an English charm beyond the common.

Another new book that seems to break fresh ground is the outcome of the collaboration of two well-known writers, both of them essayists as well as novelists—Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. J. B. Priestley. The book is, in fact, a novel of sorts, based on an exchange of letters between London and the English Lake district on one side, and a retreat in Oxfordshire on the other. These letters make up the novel, which has the suggestive title: *Farthing Hall*. The third book in this spring contingent is a volume of plays by Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger. From plays we turn to poems, for the fourth—a new book of sonnets and lyrics by Edmund Blunden, mostly written during that poet's exile in Japan, where he was Professor at Tokio University, and its title—*Retreat*.

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP.

The advent of Mr. T. S. Eliot among the readers this month at the Poetry Bookshop, which during last year migrated from its old quarters in Devonshire Street to a site near the British Museum, has set the literary gossips talking again about the two schools, new and old, in English poetry. Mr. Eliot is, of course, an American by birth, but he has become something of a British institution, if a man who is a literary rebel, out to challenge the accepted or the current ideas in poetry, can in any sense be called an institution? Most verse-writers are afraid of drawing upon what

may be called the verse currency, or of using idioms and phrases and figures of speech which have become familiar in the classic or the recognized poets' pages; but Mr. Eliot has boldly set up a mode of his own, an associative mode which rings the changes freely on the well-known airs and graces of his forerunners in the art. All this he does with a dash of originality and a highly sophisticated and sometimes malicious pen, that gives his writings a refreshing and bizarre quality which recommends them strongly to the taste of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates, and others. It accounts, too, for the crowded house, in which were many of the younger poets and writers, gathered to hear Mr. Eliot at the Bookshop. At its old quarters in Devonshire Street, a rather slummy, narrow street, east of Bloomsbury, which was not very easy to find, the shop held its readings in a curious room, which had the air of a converted bookbinders' shed, where sometimes the noises of goldbeaters next door disturbed the poetry readings. The present quarters have not, perhaps, so unconventional an air, but are decidedly more convenient, and better adapted for the finer services of the lyric muse. Years ago, Mr. Harold Monro, not then long down from Oxford, asked some fellow poets to meet him and talk over a new crusade on behalf of poetry, whose young crusaders were not to be above declaiming their poems in public-houses and at street-corners. It was an adventurous idea, and to-day the poetry Bookshop is, I believe, its one surviving public result. It has weathered many hard winters and slack seasons and the Great War, and it has had to fight with the rivalry of motor-cars and greyhound coursing, but it still functions, and every pilgrim to London who is a poetry lover, when he is wandering round Bloomsbury, ought to pay it a visit.

THE 'O.E.D.'

Something was said a month or two ago in this Letter about the approaching completion of this great work, the Oxford English Dictionary. It has been on the stocks now for nearly fifty years, for it was in 1858 when Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Trench persuaded the Philological Society to begin a new great English Dictionary on historical lines. In the following year the Oxford University Press took over the work, and Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Murray became the editor. It is now thirteen years since Murray died, and the last sections of the work will appear about the middle of April. At this moment a special supplement, bringing the dictionary down to date and containing words that have come into the running of late years, including the words that came into vogue during the war, is being got ready. In all, well over four hundred thousand words have been collected, a vast repertory upon which all the English-speaking people in Great Britain and Canada, and all the world over, can draw.

LITERATURE AT THE LEGATIONS.

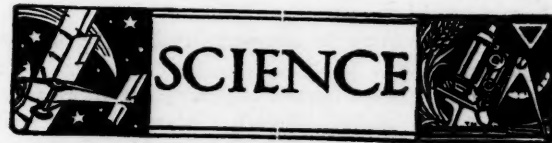
A new feeling for literature, somewhat akin to that which used to obtain at the end of the eighteenth century in certain London salons, appears to be invading by degrees some of the foreign embassies and legations in London. Possibly, it is all a part of the new international *entente* which is taking effect in the English capital. A recent reception at the Estonian Legation, when Madame Kallas, wife of the Minister, was the hostess, brought together a surprising number of the younger writers, poets, prose-men, history-men, and others, both English and foreign. Madame Kallas herself has almost become a naturalized London author through her books of stories, *The White Ship* and *Eros, The Slayer*, which bring the northern regions, Estonia, Finland, and Latvia, home to us with extraordinary reality and originality. Latvia, which has a climate, I imagine, not unlike that of Canada, has had lately a Minister whose keen interest in literature helped to bring a new poet, Rainis, into European range. Rainis writes plays and small, but powerful, lyrics, which are sold in miniature paper-covered books in Riga for about fourpence-halfpenny each. His play, *The Sons of Jacob*, was successfully produced in London three years ago, and an English translation was published at the same time by the House of Dent. The mention of this play reminds me that when speaking of Mr. Hugh Walpole I might have referred to the production of his play, *The Man with Red Hair*, and that, besides the collaborated book, *Farthing Hall*, he has a story called *Wintersmoon*, in which he has revived some of the characters that appeared in his earlier novel, *The Duchess of Wrexhe*. But to return to the foreign embassies, let us note that three, at least, among them are taking a lively interest in the Ibsen Centenary, of which something more may be said when the three plays chosen to represent the great playwright have been performed in London.

THE NOVELS OF 'Q'.

We have come to look upon Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch so naturally as a Cambridge Don, a Shakespeare pundit, and an Oxford Anthologist, that we are apt to forget the joyous sensation we had long ago when we first read his *Noughts and Crosses* and *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*. When he wrote those Cornish stories and phantasies, he was also writing every week a literary causerie for that spirited old weekly review, *The Speaker*. I seem to recollect him on the busy afternoon of a going-to-press-day dashing off his article at top speed—a lanky, but well-built, open-air type of young man, with rather tumbled red hair. Such was the impression, but who can be sure of his fugitive impressions after forty years? Well, now time has gone on and we read in the papers the imposing announcement of a complete

issue of his tales and romances. The first volumes have just come to hand as I write, and they include, beside the two titles noted above, *Dead Man's Rock* and *The Splendid Spur*; attractive pocketable volumes, with easy type to read and comely blue covers.

ERNEST RHYS.



RESEARCH IN AERONAUTICS

It is less than twenty-five years since the first flight was made in a power-driven aeroplane. In December, 1903, Orville Wright in a biplane, weighing about 750 pounds flew a few hundred feet in 10 seconds. By 1909, when the first International Aviation Meet was held at Rheims, a speed of 47 miles per hour, a height of 508.5 feet, and a duration of $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours had been attained. The corresponding records established in 1927 were 296.8 miles per hour, 38,809 feet altitude, and 52 hours, 53 minutes, 11 seconds duration, while the largest machine built last year weighed some 20 tons and had 2,100 horsepower. The progress shown by these figures is an excellent illustration of the value of experimental research, for it is no exaggeration to state that the development of the science of aeronautics that has enabled such progress to be made has been due principally to experimental research. The important investigations in aerodynamics have been of two kinds: free-flight tests with kites, gliders, power-driven models and full-scale machines on the one hand, and on the other, laboratory experiments, usually with models.

The work of the early investigators was confined almost wholly to direct experiments with complete machines in the absence, usually, of preliminary laboratory studies. Thus a succession of investigators from Henson in 1842 to Langley in 1896 worked with models, some of quite large size and driven by compressed air or steam. The pioneers were handicapped in building full-sized machines by the necessity of using steam power plants which are excessively heavy. In spite of this however, Ader (1890-97) and Maxim (1893) built and employed full-scale machines driven by steam. The internal combustion engine having been developed in the '90's, the steam engine was replaced in Langley's famous 'aerodrome' (1903) by a gasoline engine, the forerunner of the present day radial air-cooled engine.

Others, from Cayley in 1808 to Lilienthal in 1889, lacking a suitable light power plant, made numerous flights in motorless full-scale machines or 'gliders', the designs of which were based upon observations of bird flight. By such means much useful information relative to the control and stability of aircraft, as well

as considerable knowledge of the atmosphere was acquired. Their example was followed by experiments in England, France, and America, culminating in the work of the Wright brothers and Bleriot who used gliders as preliminary steps in the development of their successful aeroplanes. More recently, as a result of artificial restrictions imposed after the war, there has been a revival of interest in gliding which has, in turn, led to an important development—that of the modern light aeroplane.

The kite has also served as a source of information in developing modern aircraft. Hargrave in Australia (1891), Cody in England (1903) and Bell in Canada (1899-1906) experimented extensively with kites, some of which were of sufficient size to lift a man. In certain investigations gliders were flown as kites.

Free-flight tests and investigations using actual machines are still recognized as important sources of information. An elaborate technique of free-flight testing has been developed, and for this purpose many special recording instruments, such as altimeters, multiple manometers, accelerometers, and control-force recorders have been perfected with the result that accurate and consistent measurements can be made.

There are three principal means of carrying out laboratory investigations in aerodynamics. These are the method of carriage and track, in which the experimental material is borne through the air upon a carriage travelling along a track; the whirling arm method, in which the experimental material is drawn through the air in rotary fashion by some sort of centrifugal machine; and finally the wind channel. Of these, the last-named is in by far the widest use and has contributed most to the advance of the science.

Probably the earliest laboratory worker in aerodynamics was Avanzani who published his investigations in 1804. In these experiments he measured the pressures developed on flat plates moved through air and water by means of a carriage and track machine. A carriage running on a straight, level track about a mile long still forms part of the equipment of the Institut Aerotechnique de l'Université de Paris.

Langley in 1888-90 employed a whirling table in studying air pressures on plates and there are still two or three whirling arms in use. These are now employed, however, mainly for the calibration of instruments.

It appears that the wind tunnel or wind channel was the first used by Phillips in England in 1893 in determining the most suitable form for the wings of his multiplane. The Wright brothers, whose experiments with gliders had shown them the unreliable character of existing data, derived the information upon which they later based their successful designs, from experiments made in a sixteen-inch wind channel in 1902. Stanton (1902), Turnbull (1905) and Eiffel

(1910) employed wind channels in their various investigations. Since then the wind channel has played an extremely important part in the development of aeronautics, so that there are some sixty channels in use in various parts of the world. These channels with their operating personnel of probably two hundred experienced specialists constitute an essential factor in building up the science of aeronautics.

The use of a wind channel in aerodynamics is based on the principle of relative motion. Instead of moving a model through still air, the air is moved past the stationary model. Under these circumstances the reactions on the model are the same as though it were in motion and the difficulty of properly supporting a moving model is avoided. In the wind channel a smooth, steady current of air is drawn at known speed past an exact replica of the aircraft to be studied. The model is mounted on a sensitive universal balance by means of which the forces operating in any direction upon it may be measured. From these measurements the performance of the full-scale machine in free flight can be accurately predicted by calculation at much less cost, in less time and without the difficulties and hazards of free-flight testing. At the same time the experimental conditions can be varied or exactly reproduced at will.

A strict application of the law of dynamical similitude would necessitate impossible air-speeds for models of the usual small size. This is because the viscosity of the air in which the model is studied is substantially the same as that in which the full-scale aircraft operates with the result that at the available air-speeds an incommensurate resistance is developed.

There are two alternative methods of overcoming this difficulty. One is to increase the size of the channel, thus enabling the use of larger models. It is in this direction that the improvement of wind channels has so far made most progress. The size has gradually increased from the two-foot diameter channel of 1902 to modern channels with diameters of ten feet or more. The most recent development in this direction is the twenty-foot diameter channel recently completed in the United States. This is capable of taking a full-scale aeroplane of small size. Incidentally air-speeds have been increased from a few miles per hour in the early days to the terrific velocity of 300 miles per hour in some modern installations with a consumption of 1,000 horse-power.

The other alternative is to alter the kinematic viscosity factor* by using in the channel a different fluid such as carbon monoxide or even water. Water channels have been employed in this way to a limited extent. The most outstanding recent development of this kind is the compressed-air channel at Langley Field, Virginia. This is a five-foot diameter channel,

*The kinematic viscosity is the ratio of the coefficient of fluid friction or viscosity to the fluid density.

completely enclosed in an immense steel tank, in which the air pressure may be raised to 300 pounds per square inch. The resulting change in the viscosity of the air makes the results of the model test immediately applicable to the full-scale machine in free flight.

Channels of both these types, whether of very large size or using compressed air are extremely costly, not only initially, but also in operation. Undoubtedly, therefore, much work in aerodynamics will continue to be done in channels of moderate size and the necessary corrections determined by comparison with the results of full-scale, free-flight tests.

J. H. PARKIN.



THE Canadian bill at the Hart House Theatre is intended to be an annual test of the growth of the native drama. On the whole, there has been a steady improvement in the quality of the plays presented, but it seems to take our writers a long time to learn that they should seek their material in their own country. We cannot create a native drama by copying the products of other nations, and the chances are against the imitations proving very satisfactory as imitations. If our playwrights insist upon being derivative, we are never going to arrive anywhere. What is the use of doing what authors in other lands can do very much better?

The largest crowds that have ever witnessed a Canadian bill saw the three plays staged at the Hart House Theatre during the first week of March, and once more it was demonstrated for their benefit that the author who draws from books instead of from personal observation makes a great mistake. I feel certain that the name of Mazo de la Roche was the magnet that brought the line-up to the box office, for in the public estimation, Miss de la Roche is quite the most important of the women writers living in Ontario. Yet the only thing that can be said for Miss de la Roche's play *The Return of the Emigrant* is that it was a blunder. A Canadian born and bred writer undertook to write an Irish play. The result was a little drama that lacked all the qualities that a score of Irish playwrights have taught us to expect in pieces about Ireland. There was no music in the language, and no suggestion of half-humorous poignancy in the ideas; the occasional Irish phrase lacked authenticity. Regarding the literary skill of Miss de la Roche there cannot be two opinions, but where she failed, any writer, except an Irishman, would have failed.

Why Canadians insist upon writing of things about

which they have no first hand knowledge, I cannot understand. In the case of *The Return of the Emigrant*, the central idea could have been adapted to fit a Canadian environment. Suppose the scene had been laid in one of those remote and insular Canadian villages about which Merrill Denison writes so vividly; suppose that the returning sister had been living for twenty years in a large city; suppose the stay-at-home sister regarded all large cities as the sample rooms of Satan; suppose that, with the contrariness peculiar to unreasonable men and women, the stay-at-home had been in the habit of boasting to the neighbours about what her sister was doing in the big city; and suppose she had inspired her only daughter with the idea of going back with her aunt—wouldn't that situation have possibilities for drama. I feel that Miss de la Roche, certain of her ground, would have made a great deal more of the humour and the clash to be found in that household. She handicapped herself hopelessly by deciding to use a derived atmosphere.

Why was *The Prize Winner* by Merrill Denison the most important play offered on the Canadian bill? Simply because it was a slice of Canadian life, something that belonged to our own soil. It gave a glimpse behind the scenes of one of the little tent shows that wander among the villages of our hinterlands, preying upon the yokels who are hungry for diversion. I am quite willing to admit, up to a point, most of the criticisms that I have heard of the play—that it is a vagrant incident with no special significance; that it has rather a provoking air of superiority and cynicism; that all the characters are intolerably mean; that the comic device of having a person shouting, 'My God, can't somebody give me a little light?' is obvious. Still, I regard the play as the sort of thing worth doing in a Canadian bill because it rings true. Merrill Denison has seen such people, and has made a portrait of them, highly coloured of course, but so is all modern art. I am not saying that *The Prize Winner* is a notable achievement. It has no larger significance than the piece of drab comedy that it relates, but in one respect, Merrill Denison furnishes an object lesson for all the would-be dramatists. He is putting Canada into his plays. Hence that quality of freshness which makes his work stand out so prominently in the limited field of our native drama.

I have heard young writers offer the objection that they cannot make plays from their personal observation because they have had no picturesque material in their own experience. They probably mean that they have not yet learned to observe clearly and discerningly. Even among the cut-and-dried bourgeoisie, subjects for drama can be found. I have a feeling that when the Canadian dramatists learn to go about their work properly, some excellent comedies will be written even about humdrum Ontario.

FRED JACOB.

TRADE AND COMMERCE

AMERICAN CONTROL OF WORLD PRICES

By G. E. JACKSON

Of all the great bankers in London, Mr. Reginald McKenna is at the same time the most concerned with questions of general policy, and the most provocative. His speech at the Annual General Meeting of the Midland Bank this year has implications as important for ourselves as for the British people. His argument covers ground that is unfamiliar to many business men and others, who cannot afford, nevertheless, to neglect the possibilities to which he calls attention. No excuse is offered, therefore, for the reprinting of a large part of his remarks, which for reasons of space are here presented without comment of any kind. Mr. McKenna said:—

Nearly three years have elapsed since the pound sterling was re-established on the gold basis, and most of the important currencies are now stabilized in relation to gold. This general reversion to gold gives the appearance of a return to pre-war conditions in matters of credit and currency, but if we look further into the question we shall find that there has been a remarkable change. The development of central bank policy in the United States has shown that, while gold may be retained as a medium for making international payments, it can be deprived of its function as the ultimate standard of value. How this came about, the stages through which American policy has passed, and the meaning of the conclusion deserve our close attention.

Let me begin by reminding you of the conditions before the war. At that time the central banks adopted a purely passive attitude with regard to the control of credit, allowing the movement of gold into or out of a country to regulate the internal supply of money. If gold flowed in freely, credit and currency expanded; if more credit was created than was required to support the current growth of business, prices rose. If gold flowed out, credit and currency contracted; the growth of business was checked and prices showed a tendency to fall. It followed from this that the current course of world prices was determined by the supply of monetary gold. This does not mean that other causes, such as improved methods of production and communication, do not affect the price level, but these only come into play over more extended periods of time.

I come now to the story of the recent development of monetary policy in the United States. In consequence of the enormous accumulation of gold, coupled with movements into and out of the country on a scale which, if left uncontrolled, would have proved disastrous to the stability of the American price level, the attention of the reserve banks was forcibly directed to their controlling powers. Beginning with only a partial use, in the course of time they have learned to utilise these powers to the full.

I will now summarise the developments in the years since 1920, the period during which the reserve bank credit policy has been most actively in operation. On balance \$1,700 million of gold have been imported into the United States. Over one-half of this amount has been absorbed into the Federal Reserve Banks, while the remainder has been taken by the Treasury as backing for gold certificates which have gone into circulation in the

place of Federal Reserve notes. Of the total import only one-third on balance has been allowed to form new bank cash. Throughout the entire period, whether gold was flowing in or out, the central banks have been careful as far as possible to regulate the supply of bank cash in accordance with the needs of business. Trade has expanded rapidly and has been accompanied by a growth in bank deposits, amounting in the aggregate to \$15,000 million, an increase of 40 per cent. Meanwhile the almost uninterrupted prosperity enjoyed by America has been attended by a large measure of stability in the price level.

To-day, as before the war, the price of gold in America is fixed, and we are apt to assume that the value of gold continues to govern the value of the dollar. But such an assumption is no longer correct. While an ounce of gold can always be exchanged for a definite number of dollars, the value of the ounce will depend upon what these dollars will buy, and this, in turn, will obviously depend upon the American price level. If the price level in America fluctuated according to the movements of gold, the purchasing power or value of the dollar would still depend, as it did formerly, upon the value of gold. But we know that this is not so. As I have just shown, the American price level is not affected by gold movements, but is controlled by the policy of the reserve banks in expanding or contracting credit. It follows, therefore, that it is not the value of gold in America which determines the value of the dollar, but the value of the dollar which determines the value of gold.

The mechanism by which the dollar governs the external value of gold is obvious. If the price level outside America should rise in consequence of an increase in the supply of gold, America would absorb the surplus gold; if, on the other hand, the external price level should fall in consequence of a shortage of gold, America would supply the deficiency. The movement of gold would continue until the price levels inside and outside America were brought once more into equilibrium. Although gold is still the nominal basis of most currencies, the real determinant of movements in the general world level of prices is thus the purchasing power of the dollar. The conclusion, therefore, is forced upon us that, in a very real sense, the world is on a dollar standard.

Such is the position as I see it to-day, and I am naturally led to ask how long it is likely to continue. America is able to control the world price level because of two conditions. In the first place, her gold stocks are so great that she can afford to lose large quantities without running any risk of the gold reserve falling below the legal minimum; in the second place, her central banking system is so constituted that, given her great wealth, she can absorb large quantities of gold and at the same time deprive it of its credit creating powers. In a word, America is rich enough either to lose gold or to gain it. She holds now one-half of the total monetary gold of the world. Moreover, her creditor position constitutes a permanent magnet for gold. Her debtors must pay, and, if they can find no other way, they must pay in gold. The only condition, as far as I can judge, under which America might be drained of her gold surplus is that she should continuously make foreign loans beyond her true capacity to lend.

I conclude that, as long as conditions remain at all similar to those we know to-day, America will be able to pursue her credit policy without regard to gold movements and to maintain control over the world level of prices.

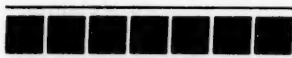


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